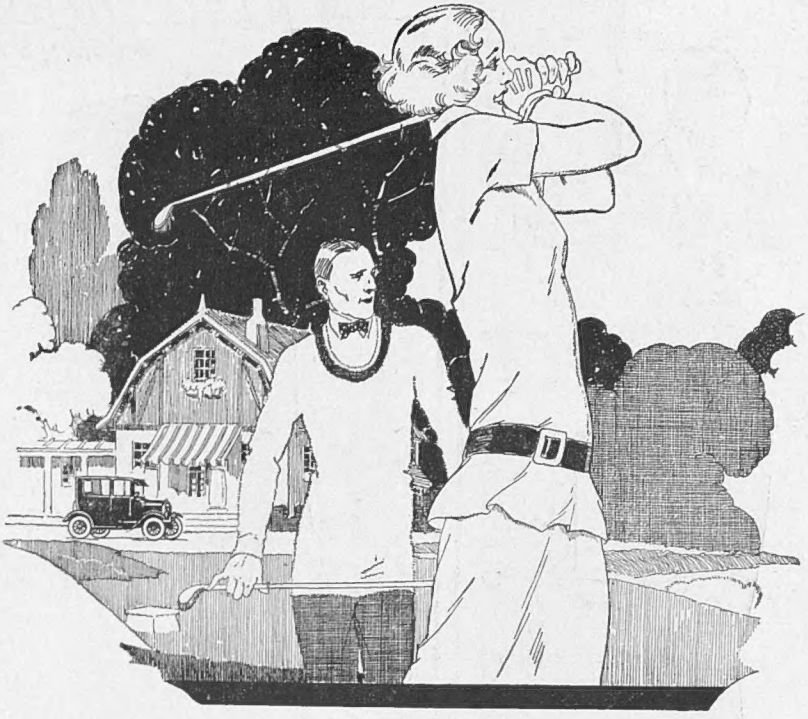

DON'T BREAK THE SPELL

Sunday morning early, and the touch of Spring in the air makes you feel like a two-year-old even when you're looking for the ball...

Golf is the game to blow the cobwebs of a hard week into the farthest limbo of forgotten things.

But is there the ride home in a bus, with your new liberty made humdrum, or the business of begging a ride from that fellow Williams who imagines he's a real golfer ? Not if you own a Ford.

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"Tudor" Saloon
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"Fordor" Saloon
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BRITISH MADE

FORD MOTOR CO. (ENGLAND) LIMITED, TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

Crepe de Chine Skirt

In 'Permanent' Pleats

A heavy quality Silk and an improved method of pleating suggest satisfaction in every fold! You have this skirt in Ivory, Beige, Pansy Yellow, Havana, Navy or Black, Sizes 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches.

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SMART JUMPER BLOUSES IN HIGH-GRADE MATERIALS

Attractive Blouse Jumper *in good quality crepe de chine, becoming collar, finished knot of printed crepe in contrasting colours, and two smart pockets. In Ivory, Champagne, Grey, Banana, Beaver, Navy and Black.*

PRICE

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NEW HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

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PRACTICAL HAT in brilliant straw, with mushroom brim turned-up at back, bound and trimmed ribbon velvet to match. In many good colours.

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2 x 2 yards	...	each	**27/9**
2 x 2½ ,,	...	,,	**34/6**
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22 x 22 inches	...	dozen	**31/6**
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What Is the Mannequin's Secret Charm?

Perhaps it is the gown she wears that catches your eye. But beneath the gown is a *perfect figure* that largely accounts for the charm the picture holds for you.

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The BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO., *Ltd.*
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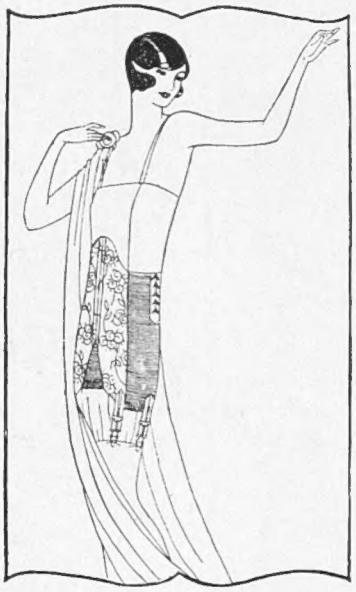

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Elastic Belvadears - The Complete - Girdles - Step-ins - Combinations
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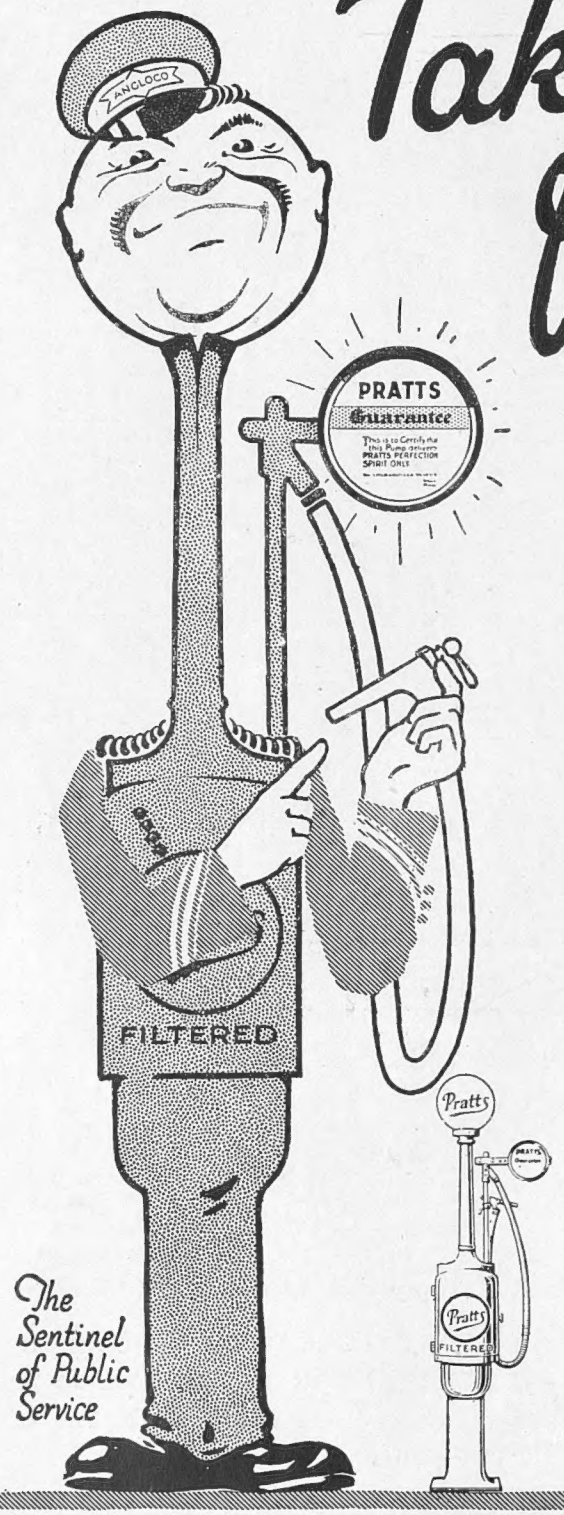

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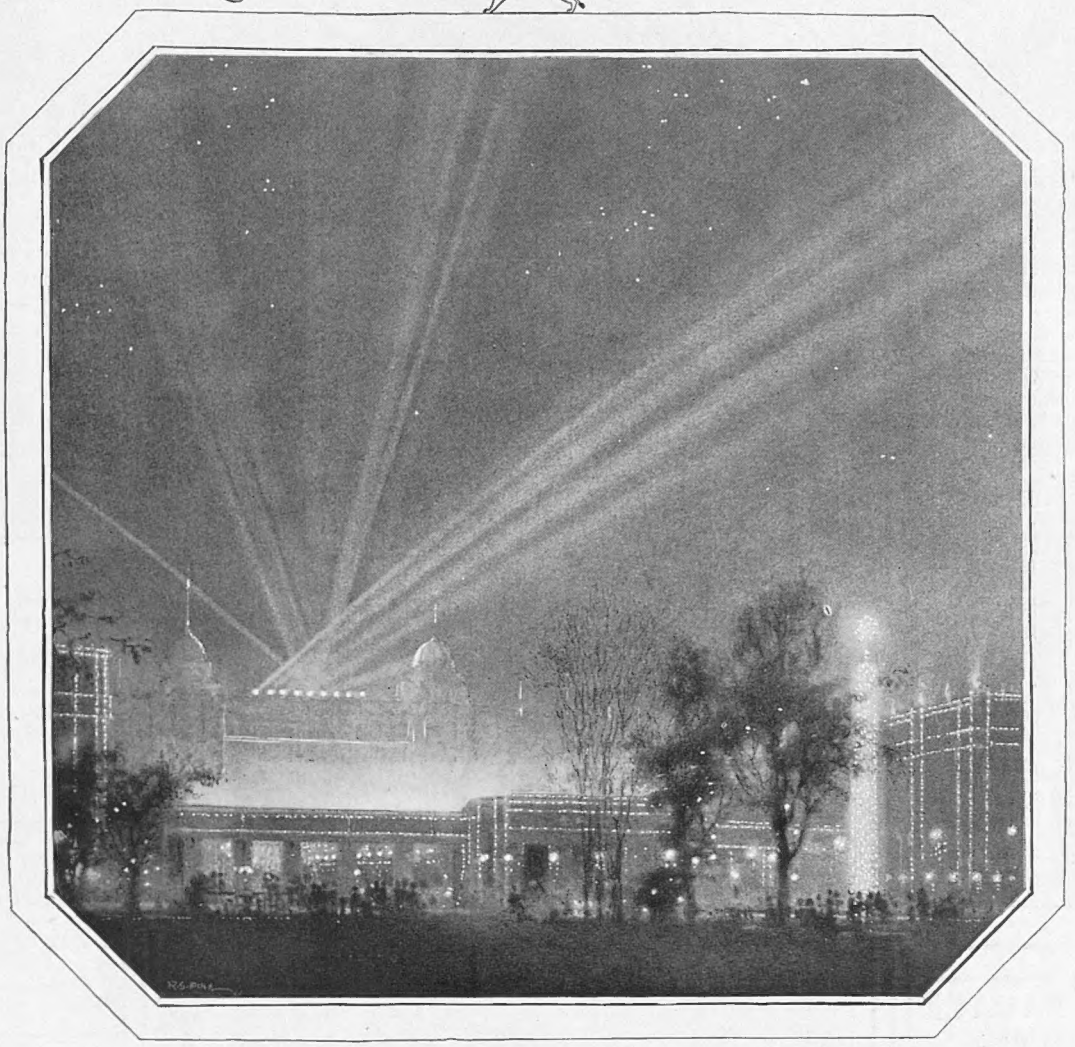

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by night

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The pulse of the great City of Gaiety quickens. The spirit of joy is abroad.

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The subscription for the Wembley Garden Club—£3/10/0—includes admission to Exhibition
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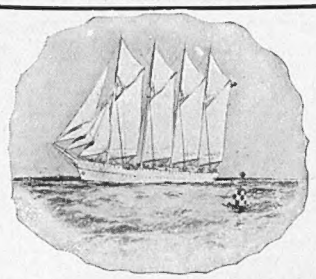
BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION 1925



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Belted design 3/- extra.

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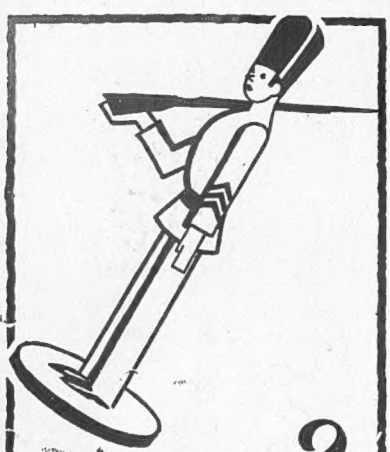

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TWO SIZES 2/6 & 4/-

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DAINTY FROCK in White Swiss Muslin, entirely hand-sewn, simple bodice finished on collar and sleeves with Valenciennes lace and fine veining; skirt trimmed with tucks. Sizes 18, 20, and 22 inches.

PRICE from
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BONNET in rush, straw, trimmed with mixed posy of flowers on top and ribbon to tone. In Biscuit, Cyclamen, Green and Peach.

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

CHARMING CLOTHES

FOR

LITTLE BOYS' WEAR

Charming Suit *for little boy in good quality linen trimmed collar and frills of white organdi. In Sky, Blue, Yellow or Pink.*

	PRICE
Size for 2 years	***49/6***
" 3 "	***54/6***
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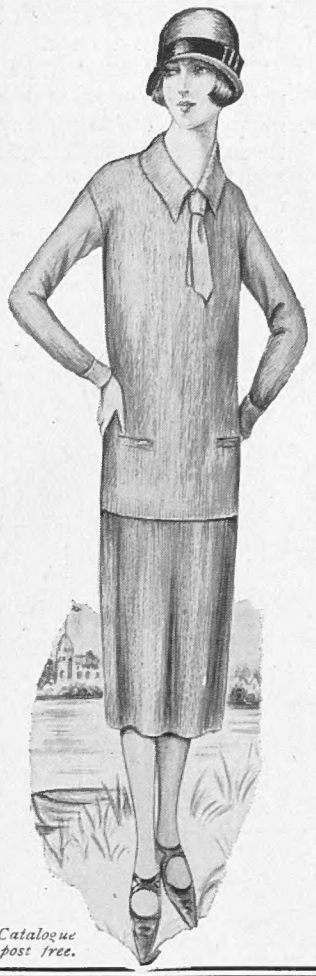
This model can be copied in crepe de Chine from ***69/6*** *for 2 years' size.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



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KNITTED SPORTS JUMPER SUITS

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Sports Sweaters and Jumper Suits knitted in fine texture wool and spun silk, also in fine weave Milanese silk, with new shaped collars. All these garments have been specially designed for practical sports wear.

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Price of Jumper - - **79/6**
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REG.D TRADE MARK "Cravenette" PROOFED BY THE Cravenette CO LTD

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IN PRACTICAL DESIGNS
IN RELIABLE MATERIALS

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PRICE

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FOR SUMMER WEAR

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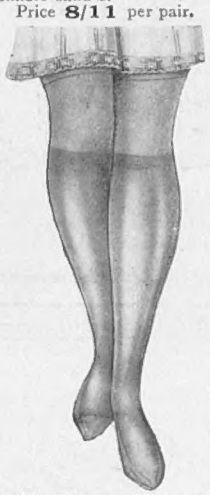

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F.35. 2½ in. **25/9**

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SILVER SETTING
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A Cheaper Model **4/11½**

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F.34. The New Colored Pearl Paste Mounted Arrow Tip | Jade Rose Tango Blue Mauve | Length 2" Price **4/11½**

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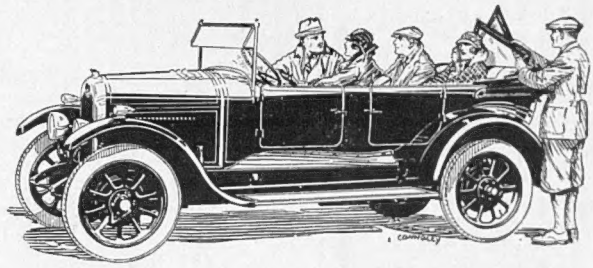

Picturesque Sketches by DONALD MAXWELL of the

GREAT WEST ROAD,

the new highway to be opened by the King on May 30, are an attractive feature of

The GRAPHIC

issued on that date. Another artistic feature will be a full-page drawing by HOWARD ELCOCK of the

CALEDONIAN BALL,

while the issue will also contain a page of

CRICKET CARICATURES BY "MAC,"

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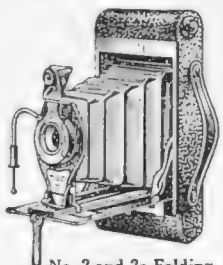

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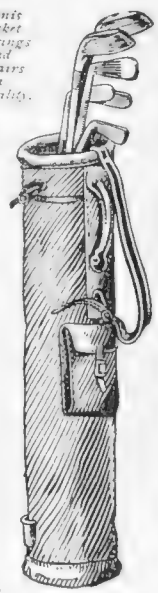

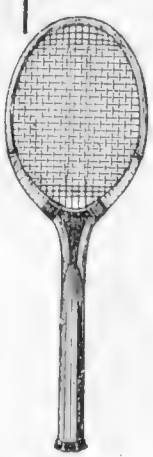

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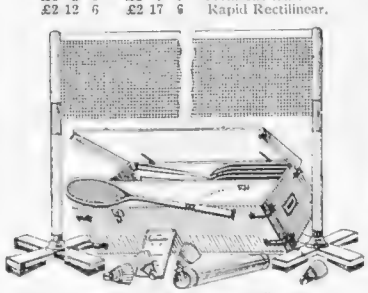

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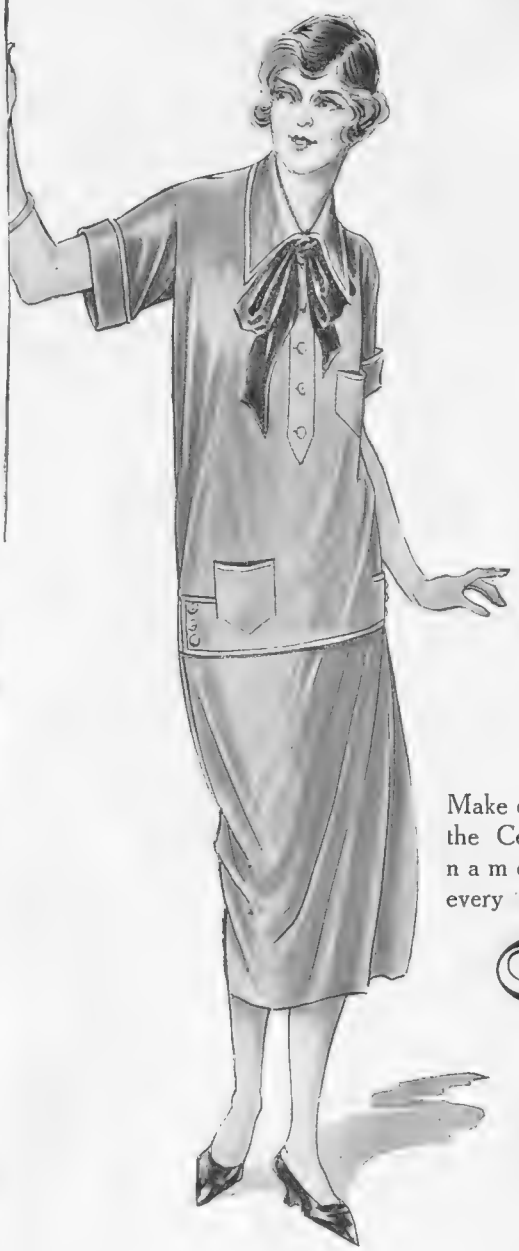

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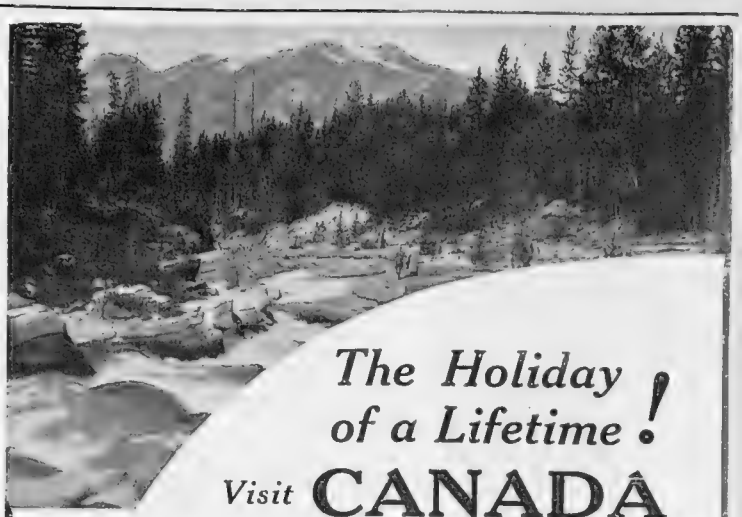

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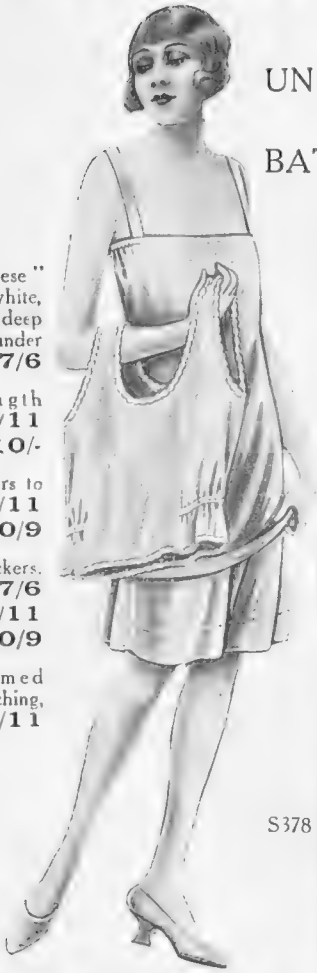

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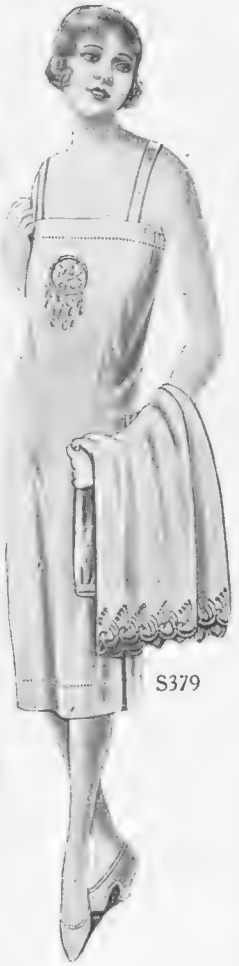

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S379

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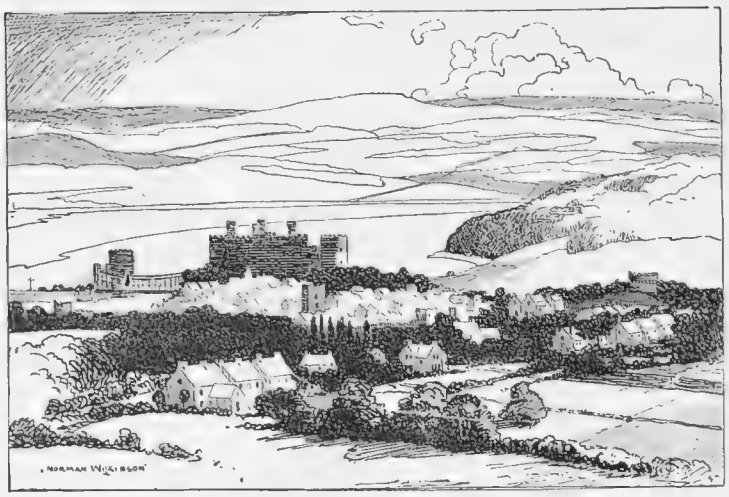

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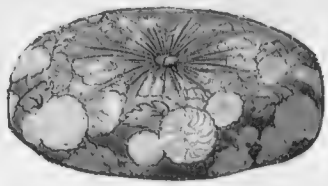

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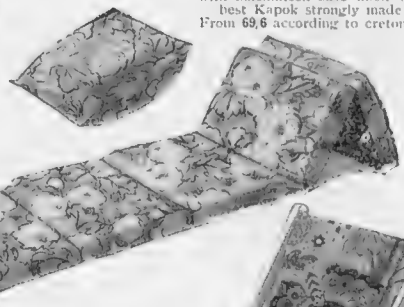

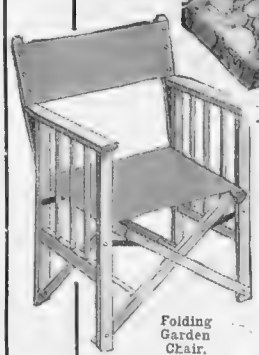

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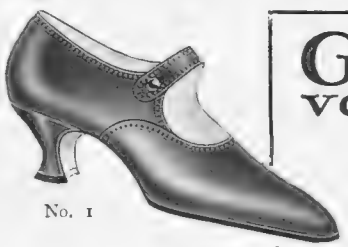
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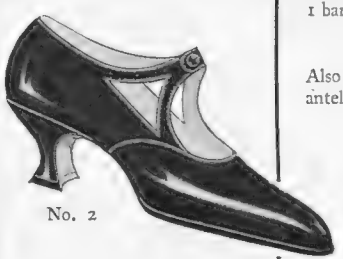
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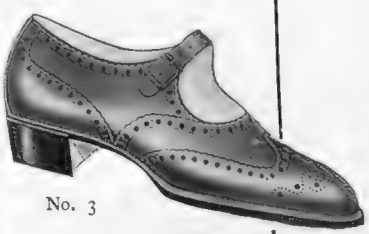
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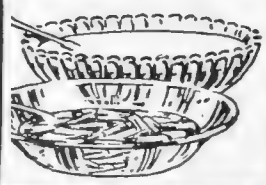

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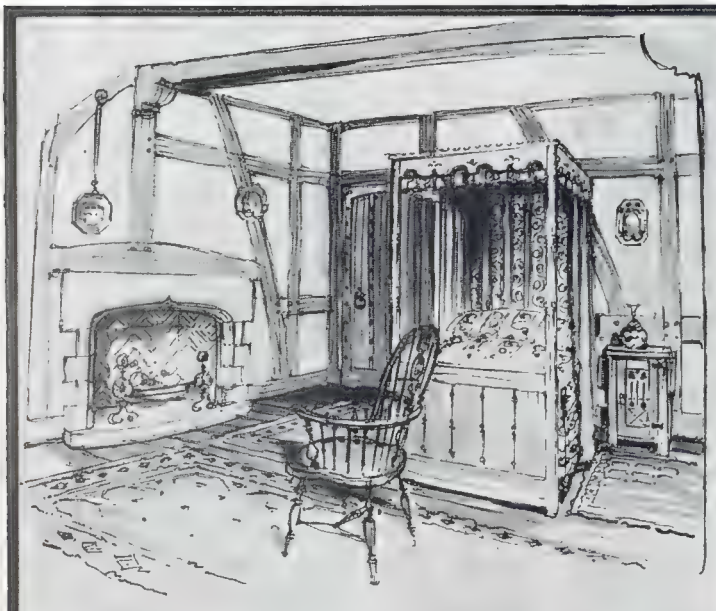

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The Bystander, May 27, 1925

No. 1121. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Dassano

THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH

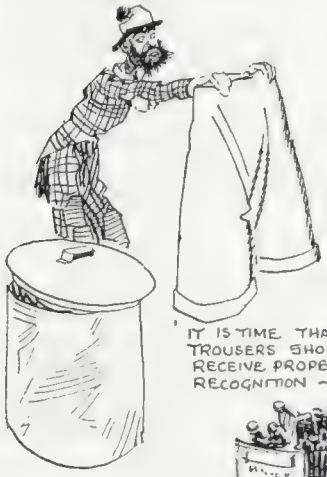
The charming wife of the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest son, who is in London for the season. Lady Dalkeith is a kinswoman of Lord Lascelles, being a daughter of the late Major William Frank Lascelles

"Rose Marie La Flamme" of the Rockies

A character study of Miss Edith Day, drawn especially for "The Bystander" by Mr. Howard Smith. Miss Day has made a welcome reappearance in London as the French-Canadian heroine in "Rose Marie," the romantic musical play at Drury Lane, which is supplying those of us who can get to "The Lane" with a pleasant evening's entertainment, and those of us who can't, with some popular dance tunes

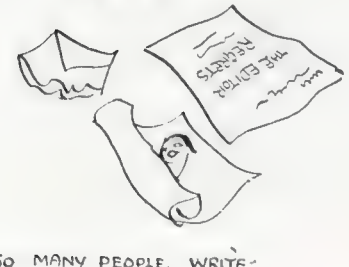
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

IF—I ADVISE YOU TO PUT YOUR OXFORD TROUSERS ON MANNA —



IT IS TIME THAT OXFORD TROUSERS SHOULD RECEIVE PROPER RECOGNITION —

USEFUL HINTS ON BOARDING A BUS —



SO MANY PEOPLE WRITE SILLY LETTERS —

Derby Day

IF you are one of those phlegmatic folk who wait till Wednesday evening to buy their BYSTANDERS, you will know the result of the Derby by now. If on the other hand you are the sort of keen reader who persuades the bookstall clerk to open the parcel and give you an early copy, the winner is still to seek. How, then, can I cater for both of you? If I advise you to put your Oxford trousers on Manna and the wretched beast has already won—or lost—you would deem me an unsatisfactory sort of prophet. Frankly, I don't know what to say, except to wish you the best of luck and many happy returns for your money.

Sunday Papers

WE are all slaves of habit, and, when I found myself in the heart of the country last week-end, I began to pine for my Sunday paper. As a result of enquiries, I made my way to a distant cross-roads, and, after waiting half the morning, a gentleman on a bicycle appeared on the horizon. Alas, he had not got my particular Sunday paper, so I shall never know what E. V. Lucas had to say about it, but I made my choice from three other sheets and retired to the kitchen-parlour of my country cottage, intent on discovering what had happened in the great world.

This Wicked World

OH dear! Oh dear! I had no idea that the world was such a wicked place. Before I had scanned half-a-dozen headlines I was in a perspiration of horror and apprehension. Modern crimes that were named and nameless, ranging from the lesser offence of murder downwards, jostled with prophecies of deep foreboding and iniquities of criminals long dead. And, as I weltered in this mush of misery and sin I wondered what the simple villagers, sitting engrossed in such garbage, were thinking about it all. What did they think of England—past and present? I gave it up!

Plenty of Material

NOW that these Oxford trousers have become firmly established, it is time that they should receive proper recognition. I'm afraid we can't go to the length of a Special Number, though there would be plenty of material (no joke intended) to fill plenty of extra pages, and the advertisement pages would also bulk largely with the announcements of traders anxious to unload sandy-coloured breeks upon an unsuspecting world.

The Big-Bag Club

THAT Special Number might include photographs of famous wearers of baggy bags. The inventor might be induced to tell the

BEFORE I HAD SCANNED HALF-A-DOZEN LINES I WAS IN A PERSPIRATION OF HORROR AND APPREHENSION —

DICK WHITTINGTON WORE 'EM, THAT'S QUITE PLAIN— THAT'S WHY HE HAD ROOM TO TURN AGAIN —

LURKING IN THE DARKEST CORNER OF THE CLUB —

IF SHE HAD 'HAD A COUPLE' IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ALRIGHT —

story of what he had for supper on the eve of his nightmare. A description of the habits of members of the Big-Bag Club would provide subject matter for an article which, like the bags themselves, would be almost as broad as it was long. Useful hints on boarding a bus, crossing the road, and the correct shade of purple patches for pink pants would help to swell the bulk of that particular BYSTANDER.

The Glory is Departing

ALAS, I'm afraid it cannot be. I am told that the phenomenon is of purely transitory interest—that the glory has, in effect, departed—and so I must content myself with my own little personal pæan of praise:

The plagues of Egypt were mild and sweet
Compared to the plague of Oxford Street,
And Pharoah's hair would have turned quite grey
If he'd seen the plagues we endure to-day.
Dick Whittington wore 'em, that's quite plain;
That's why he had room to turn again.
Raleigh gave good Queen Bess his hand
As she walked on his trousers across the Strand.
(*Now then, all together*)—
Heaven help sailors who sail the stormy seas
And Heaven help tailors who make bags like these!

That Banned Sketch

THE knowledge that the Censor can license a revue sketch and then, without having seen it performed, change his mind and order its withdrawal, is rather disturbing. So many people write silly letters for such a variety of reasons. There is the gentleman who would have liked to have written the sketch himself, or the manager who wishes he had included it in his own revue. Or, there is the crank who objects to any reference to his own particular *bête noire*. Possibly the Censor is not a theatre-goer, but he might have sent his aunt's cousin to the *Punch Bowl* and have taken her temperature in the vestibule after the show.

The Reward of Virtue

WHEN I came across the author of the banned sketch —"Making a New Man of Him"—lurking in the darkest corner of the silence room of the Club, I passed him a sheet of notepaper asking the cause of the trouble. In reply, he wrote: "I made a wife wait outside a doctor's door for the return of her husband. She was quite sober. I admit I was wrong. If she had been married to someone else or if she had 'had a couple' it would have been all right. Virtue is *not* its own reward." And, do you know, I believe the poor fellow was quite right!

Film Thieves

MEMBERS of the British Film Industry naturally resent Gilbert Frankau's remark that there are too many thieves in it. This might be said of most industries, for, after all, one thief is one too many, but I can support the charge to this extent: I once asked a prominent author why he did not write for the films, and he told me that after his second scenario had been stolen he decided to give up the unequal contest.

A Gay Round With Dempsey

MR. JACK DEMPSEY pluckily stood up to four rounds of toast-proposing at the same luncheon, which was given by the European Motion Picture Company to welcome him to England the other day. The healths were proposed (and duly seconded) of Dempsey the Sportsman, Dempsey the Film Star, Dempsey the Comedian and Dempsey the Actor—the last being presumably a more comprehensive title for the preceding two, in case of any misunderstanding. Although the toasts were not drunk in punch, the Champion came up smiling for a fifth round in which he figured. It was down on the toast list mysteriously and Transatlantically as "Me and the Boy Friend." Mr. Jimmy Hussey, the American comedian, who proposed it with considerable stage-craft, voiced the sentiments of the assembled company when he triumphantly announced that he was "losing his own health through continual drinking of Jack's." But, needless to say, none of us grudged the sacrifice of a little health, in such a good cause. Here's to a good fellow!

DERBY DAY, 1925

Churchill's "Clarion Call": "On, Stanley, On!"

BY BLAM

Topical Weeknesses

BY H H HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

THE DERBY

By "CARBINE"

It is difficult to recall a year in which so many well-fancied Derby candidates disappointed their owners and trainers in the month preceding the race. First of all there was Zionist. Prior to the Two Thousand Guineas he was generally hailed as likely to prove the best stayer of his age. He was a screaming favourite for the first of the classic races, and if he had prevailed on that occasion he would certainly have touched a very short price for the Derby. Next came St. Becan. You will not need to be reminded how well this colt ran in the Guineas. He kept in close touch with Manna throughout the journey and finished a very creditable second. Sir George Bullough and his trainer were delighted with St. Becan's exhibition on that occasion.

St. Becan's Lapse

They realised that the colt was still very backward, and they expected him to improve immensely by the time of the Derby. Imagine their deep disappointment, therefore, when St. Becan was fairly and squarely beaten by the comparatively moderate Zambo in the Payne Stakes. One cannot have any real confidence in his prospects of winning the Derby, though the hopes of his stable were revived last week when he easily beat a number of his stable companions in a stiff gallop over the Derby distance.

Photographs "CROSS BOW" *W. A. Rouch*

Immediately after St. Becan's lapse from grace in the Payne Stakes we had the bewildering performance of Conquistador at Haydock Park.

Conquistador

No race this season has given rise to a greater amount of discussion. Everybody realises that Conquistador should have won it comfortably enough if he possesses a reasonable chance of coming out on top at Epsom. Those who saw the race declare that he appeared to be beaten on his merits, and there was no excuse for him. For my part, I have steadfastly refused to believe that we saw anything approaching to the real Conquistador at Haydock Park. I know what an exceptionally high opinion his trainer holds of him, and if any man should know exactly what a Derby colt should be he is the Hon. George Lambton, who provided the winner of the race last year in Sansovino, and has also trained Steadfast, Archaic and Pharos, all of whom were second in the Derby.

What of Ptolemy II?

Yet another collapse of expectations occurred when Ptolemy II was beaten in the French Guineas on Sunday week. At the same time, there must necessarily be a doubt as to whether Ptolemy II was at his best at Longchamp. Do not forget that this was his first race of the season. We have often seen high-class three-year-olds fail at the first attempt, but do much better in their next race. I am, therefore, inclined still to keep Ptolemy II on the safe side, though I must admit that his form ten days ago was distinctly discouraging. We have dealt with the disappointments of the race. Now let us discuss the colts which have made good so far this season. First there is Cross Bow, who at the time of writing is as good a favourite as Manna.

Cross Bow

Two months ago you were able to secure as much as 33 to 1 about Lord Astor's colt, and those who were lucky enough to get on him at that time can now hedge their money in a very profitable way. Few people thought of Cross Bow as a Derby proposition so long as Picaroon remained sound, and the fact that he has now advanced into actual favouritism is one of the romances of the race. Lord Astor has been proverbially unlucky in the Derby, but Cross Bow is quite likely to end his long series of misfortunes in the race. His victory in the Newmarket Stakes was decidedly impressive. The colt showed stamina and courage. The only question about him is whether he will have enough speed. In this direction he may be eclipsed by Manna, who is just the sort of colt to get round the Epsom turns with the facility of a polo pony.

"CONQUISTADOR"

Donoghue's Mount

It is greatly in favour of the Two Thousand Guineas winner that he will be ridden by Steve Donoghue, who is without a superior over the Epsom course. Fred Darling believes that Manna will stay the journey, but I think there are reasonable grounds for doubt whether he is really a mile-and-a-half performer. The likely outsiders of the race include Runnymede, Solario, Dignity and Vicot. I look for the success of **Cross Bow,** while MANNA and CONQUISTADOR may run into places. The Coronation Cup on Thursday may be won by **St. Germans,** though he has Lord Derby's best to beat. It is impossible to foresee from which quarter defeat can come to **Saucy Sue** in the Oaks. It will be realised, therefore, that Lord Astor has a remarkable chance of carrying off the three biggest events of the week.

Anglja *v.* Polska at Warszawa—

Sketched at Warsaw by HELEN McKIE

—In other words, some impressions, by our artist on the spot, of the Davis Cup matches at Warsaw between our representatives and Poland, wherein the British players scored a big victory and a great popular triumph. Poland has taken very kindly and vigorously to lawn tennis, and the Davis Cup matches at the "Courtach Warszawskiego Lawn-Tennis Klubu" were attended by the Polish President, Lady Max-Muller (wife of the British Minister), and many prominent members of Polish society

Sport and General

THE PRINCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

The official group taken after H.R.H. had been welcomed to Cape Town by the Earl of Athlone, the Governor-General, and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone. The group includes: the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice, Viscount Trematon and Lady May Cambridge, and members of the Prince's and Lord Athlone's staffs

Central Press

AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is President of the British Section of the Exhibition of Decorative Art in Paris, crossing the Pont Alexandre III during his recent visit to the Exhibition

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Opera

THE King and Queen being engaged to dine with Lord Iveagh's third son, the Hon. Walter Guinness, and Lady Evelyn Guinness on the opening night of the Opera, their Majesties were represented by Prince Henry, who occupied the Royal box.

One always used to think when the late Lady Ripon ruled at Covent Garden that the apotheosis of brilliance had been reached. But no gala performance in my time ever presented so brilliant a spectacle as the house did last Monday. This was due to the gold and silver fabrics so much in vogue nowadays for women's dresses, and the equally fashionable vivid crimsons, blues and greens. All these, added to the glitter of jewels, beads and trimmings, gave a dazzling effect to stalls and the tiers of boxes. "Coruscating," I believe, is the right word.

Der Rosenkavallier was beautifully sung and mounted, and after hearing the all-British chorus and the all-British orchestra, the most inveterate grumblers about our lack of musical talent must hold their peace. If all the other performances are on the level of that of the opening night, the new syndicate will have given us an especially brilliant and memorable season. Covent Garden, I hear, could have been sold three times over for the opening night. There was not a single vacant seat in the house, and at the eleventh hour people who had not realised what a great function it was going to be were offering fantastic prices.

The Carnarvon Sale

OF course we can all say, and we do say, a great deal about the sale at Christie's last week of Almina Lady Carnarvon's treasures from Seamore Place. On all the view days before the sale, those historic rooms in King Street, St. James's, were as crowded as the booths in a village fair, where the fat lady displays her expansive

figure, or the strong man breaks horseshoes across his knee.

Curiosity, bred by recent litigation, brought hundreds of people to Christie's who never before had put their noses inside the doors behind which the greatest art works in the world are constantly being brought to the hammer. But to the people who knew Alfred de Rothschild's house in Seamore Place in the days when he was its host, there was something tragical in this *étalage* for sale by public auction of the treasures he collected with such enthusiasm.

Memory plays one odd tricks. Your Bystander, like the rest of the world, went to Christie's before the sale. Whilst he was looking at a case containing little eighteenth century cabinets, a rather grubby man, obviously a German, came up with an attendant. The attendant unlocked the case and took out one of the cabinets, a gem of agate and gold, its edges and sides encrusted with diamonds and rubies. The German held it at arm's length and looked at it, first from one angle and then from another. As he did so, I suddenly remembered Alfred de Rothschild holding up that self-same little cabinet and looking at it in precisely the same way many years ago when he was showing me his treasures in Seamore Place one day after luncheon.

MISS MARY BERRY *Reville*

Eldest daughter of Sir William and Lady Berry, who was presented by Lady Berry at the first Court

More and More Wonderful

THE Royal Horticultural Society's show at Chelsea grows more wonderful every year. This year, like the Opera, it is the added word to what we all thought perfection. And the crowds last Tuesday! The ordinarily quiet streets abutting on to the Chelsea Hospital Gardens were *choc-à-bloc* with motors, and the unending stream of traffic nearly drove some of the dwellers in the neighbouring flats demented.

The King and Queen were there at half-past ten. The gates were not open to the members of the Society, their friends, and those who chose to pay the heavy admission fee, until twelve o'clock. But from then, until long after tea-time, the model gardens and the tents were just one solid squash of people. In one tent, the one devoted

Photographs *Hay Wrightson*

LADY GARNSEY

Wife of Sir Gilbert Garnsey, who was presented to their Majesties by Lady Plender

LADY CUNLIFFE-LISTER

Wife of the President of the Board of Trade, who presented several of the débutantes

SOME OF THOSE WHO ATTENDED THEIR MAJESTIES' COURTS LAST WEEK

Hay Wrightson

MISS STELLA LOCKER-LAMPSON

Daughter of Sir Godfrey Locker-Lampson, M.P., presented by her mother

A FOURSOME FROM THE U.S.A. *P. and A.*

Left to right: Miss Marion Tully (niece of the American Ambassador), Miss Matilda Houghton (the Ambassador's daughter), Mrs. Parker Gilbert (wife of the U.S. Reparations Commissioner in Germany), and Miss Alice Tully (another niece of Mr. Houghton), presented at the first Court

AN EDINBURGH CEREMONY *Central News*

Lord Elgin, the new Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland in succession to Mr. "Jamie" Brown, opening the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Our photograph shows Lord Elgin taking the salute outside St. Giles' Cathedral after the levee at Holyrood Palace. Among others in the group are Lady Elgin, Lady Kinross (Lady in Waiting), and the Hon. Victoria Bruce and Lady Anne Lindsay (Maids of Honour)

to sweet peas—and never have I seen such a gorgeous riot of colour—the crush was so great that a lady next to me, whose absorbing passion in life I'm sure is growing sweet peas, could not get her hands up to make notes until I managed to squeeze myself in between a portly dame and a man who showed what Lord Dawson of Penn described the other night as "a bow window effect through abdominal protrusion."

When will the gardeners decide the exact point of perfection? Every year the flowers at Chelsea grow larger and more gorgeously coloured. I can't help referring again to the sweet peas. There must be some magic in their culture to produce the size of blossom and all the various hues. Gardeners are rather pessimistic folk, and not given greatly to praise. But the dourest of them had to admit that the Engelmann carnations from Saffron Walden, which won the chief award of the Show, the Sherwood Cup, were the finest that have ever been seen.

Dominion Music

THIS week, with Empire Day last Sunday and the Royal Tournament at Olympia, it is fitting that we should have some Dominion musicians in our midst. On Monday the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra, established by the municipal authorities of Cape Town in 1914, arrived in this country, and are to give a series of concerts during the season. And to-night (Wednesday) Miss Jenny Sonnenberg, who is admitted to be the finest contralto that South Africa has as yet produced, is to give an interesting song recital in the Æolian Hall. Miss Sonnenberg, who, it may be remembered, gave a concert in the Albert Hall some time ago, has recently returned from a successful Continental tour, having appeared in Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, and other places.

Her programme to-night will include arias and songs by Haydn, Strauss, Verdi, as well as by modern English composers.

Sport and General

LEAVING THE LEVEE

Mr. James Brown, M.P., the former Lord High Commissioner under the Labour Government, leaving Holyrood Palace after Lord Elgin's levee

A JUNE BRIDE-TO-BE *Vandyk*

Miss Marjorie Brooks, youngest daughter of the Hon. Marshall and Mrs. Brooks, and a niece of Lord Crawshaw, who is to be married to the Hon. Raymond Ashton, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Ashton, of Hyde, on June 10

Gorgeous Tapestries

IF you are interested in that sort of thing and want to see a set of tapestries just as they were when they left the Beauvais looms somewhere about a hundred and seventy years ago, go to the Partridge Galleries in King Street, St. James's. Your Bystander has paid these tapestries several visits, and each time he has found fresh beauties.

There are eight of them, and they were all woven from designs by Boucher for a room in the Château de Beaulieu on the Loire, belonging to the de Gattellier family, and there they hung until about twenty years ago, all through the chaos of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic splendours and the succeeding monarchies and republics of France.

They have been sold once for £100,000, and now they are in the market again. I have seen a good many tapestries in my time, but I have never seen any in which the colours have been so wonderfully

MR. V. BROWNE, LT.-COL. FORESTIER-WALKER, AND MISS B. FULLER

Among the Backers at Bath

After fog had delayed the start for an hour, some good racing was seen at Bath last week. Only two favourites won during the afternoon, but the bookies, we hear, bore up bravely

SIR FRANCIS CURTIS AND MISS CURTIS

LADY WESTMORLAND AND CAPTAIN NELL

Photogra, hs *Sport and General*

SIR WILLIAM AND LADY NOREEN BASS

THE HON. EDWARD PORTMAN AND MRS. FARQUHARSON

is more, would build a special room to house them, reversing the order of their origin. They were made to fit eight spaces in a room at the Chateau de Beaulieu.

We can say what we like about the morals and politics of eighteenth-century France, but it reached the summit of decoration with its Beauvais tapestries. This de Gattellier set is as fine as the Bouchers in the Pierpont Morgan collection or those belonging to the Huntingtons in California which came from the Rodolphe Kann collection.

preserved. Mauves and pinks, for instance, are the first colours to fade, but in these de Gattellier tapestries they are as fresh and radiant as when they left the Beauvais looms. Their perfect preservation is due, I am told, to the fact, that throughout the troublous times in France they were kept carefully covered up.

Myself, I have never seen anything which gives one such a vision of the beauty and stateliness of the interior of a Louis XV *salon* as these tapestries. If I were a millionaire I would buy them and, what

The Young Man Again

LAST week I told you about the hostility which is rising between young men and dance hostesses. I find that the givers of week-end parties complain bitterly about the manners—or rather lack of manners—of the modern young man.

The hostess at a country-house where I spent the week-end told me she was seriously contemplating giving up asking young men altogether. "They are impossible," she said, "most of them, absolutely impossible, and haven't the least thought or consideration for one's plans and arrangements."

AMONG THE GLORIES OF AN ENGLISH GARDEN *G. P. U.*

Their Majesties the King and Queen at the Royal Horticultural Society's Annual Flower Show at Chelsea. With the King is Lord Lambourne, the President of the Society, and, standing beside the Queen, is Mr. W. R. Dykes, the Secretary

Sport and General

WELL-KNOWN GARDEN LOVERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain at the Royal Hospital Gardens, for the opening of the Chelsea Flower Show

That visit provided an example which bore out the hostess's complaint. A young man was of the party. He had not answered the hostess's invitation until the Saturday morning, when he telephoned. At dinner that evening he scarcely spoke a word to the charming girl he took in. After dinner he graciously condescended to play Bridge, but was so obviously bored by the company that he only stayed two minutes in the smoking-room after the ladies had gone to bed.

All Sunday morning he "kept himself to himself," as the maids say, but again graciously condescended

BACK FROM BERMUDA *L. N. A.*

Lady Patricia Ramsay had a chance to compare the quieter beauties of English flora at the Chelsea Flower Show with the tropical blooms of Bermuda, whence she has recently returned after a visit to her husband, who is stationed there

to play tennis in the afternoon. At tea-time he informed his hostess that he must go up to London within an hour. This was the first indication that he was not staying until Monday morning. The lady had neighbours coming in to dinner, consequently she had to re-arrange her dinner-table because of this sudden departure.

One can only think that the young man was bored, but no matter how bored you may be you can always be civil. He sat throughout breakfast on Sunday morning without even speaking or offering to pass the butter to the woman next to him.

After he had gone our hostess said, plaintively, "So many young men are like that nowadays. They don't like talking. All they care about is a jazz band. I think I shall give up asking young men. Only one in fifty has a shadow of good manners."

"There Was a Sound of Revelry"

UNTIL this year the King and Queen of the Belgians have never dined at foreign embassies. But now they have broken away from the custom, and the first Ambassador in Brussels to be honoured was Sir George Grahame, the English Ambassador. The Royal dinner-party was followed by a ball. Pipers of the Cameron Highlanders played at the end of dinner, and led the procession to the ball-room. Dancing began with the old-fashioned quadrille, danced by six couples in the costume of 1850.

Towards midnight there were some delightful lighting effects manipulated from the gallery of the ball-room, and as a finale, showers of rose petals fell upon the dancers. The Cameron pipers gave a display of Highland dancing during the evening, and when King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Marie José left formed an escort to the Royal car.

It was a very gay and brilliant evening. Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling were

amongst the guests. Their son-in-law, Mr. George Bambridge, is an honorary attaché at the Brussels Embassy.

"The Late Lamented"

AFTER ten years or so of matrimony a woman got tired of her husband and would have nothing more to do with him. He was very fond of her, and did all that was possible to win her back. Her family and his family likewise used all their endeavours but she was adamant. She had nothing against him, but she didn't want to live with him any more. He bore the situation for about three years, then set himself free by giving her cause for divorce. Shortly after the decree *nisi* was pronounced the lady wrote to him on some business matter. In replying he began, "My dear late lamented." She was furious.

AN ELY WEDDING GROUP *Starr and Rignall*

Mr. Noel Ponsonby, son of the Rev. Chancellor Ponsonby and Mrs. Ponsonby, and his bride, Mary, only daughter of the Bishop of Ely and the Hon. Mrs. White-Thomson, photographed with their bridal retinue in the grounds of the Palace, Ely, after their marriage at Ely Cathedral. The bridegroom, whose father is Rector of Bow Church, Cheapside, is the organist of Ely Cathedral

Bassano

A WIMBLEDON WEDDING

Mr. Charles Gairdner (Royal Artillery) and his bride the Hon. Evelyn Constance Handcock, only daughter of Lord and Lady Castlemaine, photographed after their marriage at St. Mary's Parish Church, Wimbledon, at the bride's home, the Old House, Wimbledon, where the reception was held

A Laudable Ambition

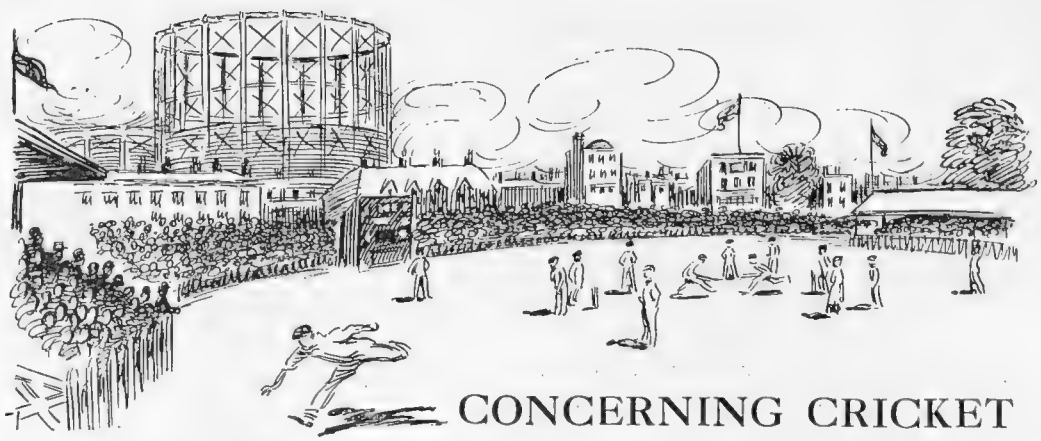
THE Bradford Chamber of Commerce is making a determined effort through its exhibition of fabrics at Wembley to show that Bradford materials are adaptable to the "most exacting requirements of fashion." The effort was inaugurated last Wednesday by a fashion parade, followed by a luncheon, at which Sir Henry Whitehead, the Chairman of the Bradford British Empire Exhibition Committee, hinted at the creation of a house for British models in Regent Street. So far as a mere man can judge, the models shown of dresses made of Bradford fabrics should please the most exacting of women, and bring trade to Bradford from all over the world.

"Wembley Is So Bracing"

SIR HERBERT MORGAN, in a breezy speech at the luncheon given by Messrs. A. and F. Pears, at the Wembley Garden Club, to inaugurate the opening of their "Golden Glide" in the Amusement Park, gave as his slogan for this year's exhibition "For Zip, Pep, and Ginger." Somewhat reminiscent, perhaps, of the familiar trios that walk so pleasantly through the children's pages of our daily papers. Let us hope, however, that it may mean as much popularity for the Exhibition among our young citizens and citizenesses to be! Pears' entrancing "Golden Glide" through menacing caverns full of dragons and hobgoblins, and over sunny gardens breathing the scent of rose and lavender should certainly help in this laudable object.

AN IRISH WEDDING *Bassano*

Captain Stephen Grehan, M.C., R.A., of Clonmeen, Co. Cork, with his bride, Cecily, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gaisford St. Lawrence, of Howth Castle, Co. Dublin, with the best man, Mr. T. Galwey, the bridesmaids, Misses Dorothy and Clair Gaisford St. Lawrence (sisters of the bride), the Hon. Betty Hotham and Miss Rosemary Rhys, and the little trainbearers, Miss Bunty Whyte and Miss Anne Hope Morley. The photograph was taken at the reception held at 34, Belgrave Square, after the marriage ceremony at Brompton Oratory



CONCERNING CRICKET

A SHILLINGSWORTH

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by RIP*

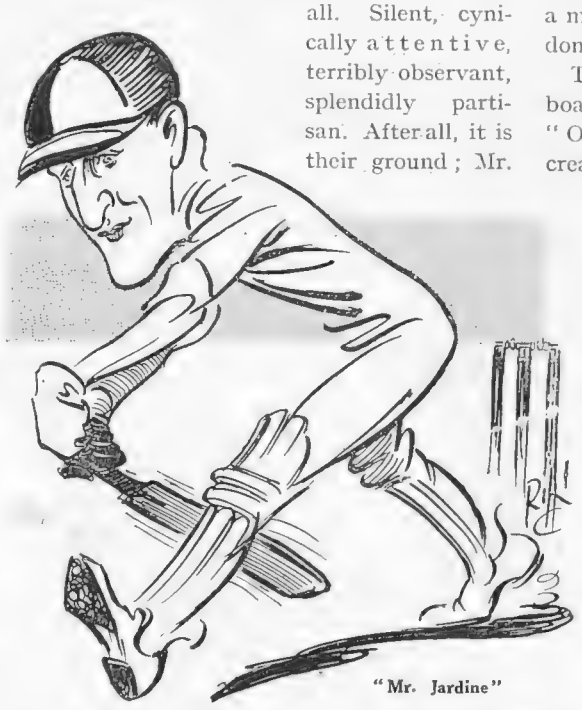
THE best shillingsworth I, and many thousands of others, know is the Kennington Oval during a perfect May afternoon—Saturday preferred. A Saturday, because the stress of the week is behind us, and only the allurement of Sunday's young green countryside lies immediately ahead.

We are in the heart of throbbing, restless London, a London (especially along those interminable Kennington streets), wherein a rural pastime like cricket seems alien and remote.

And yet one large, flat patch of billiard-green grass, the faint "snick" of bat on ball, a moving white figure or two, a black board with numbers on it, and a clicking turnstile can transform all this into the age-old terrain upon which a game, amounting almost to a religion with some of us, is being played with that earnestness and absorption that only Englishmen can put into their games.

Not even the looming gasometer, a symbol of towns, towers over our heads to-day. It has graciously subsided, leaving merely its unobtrusive skeleton framework which nobody notices. Not even the lurching 'buses nor the chunking trams passing outside the gates remind us horribly of a coming Monday morning. Let them be; we are inside, round the beloved boundaries, and the still, somnolent afternoon and the evening are ours. Most of us notice nothing but the serious business in hand, that of piling up a portentous array of runs against this upstart county Glamorgan, whose myrmidons are fielding much too skilfully for our liking. We have no use for the pageantry of the place and the hour. This is CRICKET on a Saturday afternoon, pay day being Friday, and thank God for that ("lovely shot, Baldwin, boy!"), *we* don't want to look at the bloomin' scenery—not likely; that's all right for artists and the like o' them—but we're cricketers, we are, although many hundreds of us have never had a bat in our hands in our lives, more's the pity, t'aint our fault. ("*That's* the way, Jardeen, let 'em 'ave it, boy!")

And yet it is a wonderful picture of changeless England. If you are cursed with an imagination, you get a tightening in the throat as you take it all in proudly. There is nothing like a big match at the Oval to make a cockney thank his Maker that he is one. The propinquity of the close-packed, hot humanity on the concrete slopes is not a distasteful assembly. It is a privilege to be amongst them and of them ("ga-a-rn, again!"), so truly sporting, so glumly friendly are they all. Silent, cynically attentive, terribly observant, splendidly partisan. After all, it is their ground; Mr. Jardine and Baldwin, batting out there, are their own men, Surrey's men; than which, they will tell you, no greater honour can be given to any man.



"Mr. Jardine"

You can, if you wish to be a little superior and to sit down, have another shillingsworth in the Vauxhall Stand. From the eminence of this the whole perfect panorama is unfolded. ("Good throw in; who's that? Spencer? 'e didn't 'arf get that back—eh?") The forget-me-not blue sky, little white powder puffs of cloud drifting vaguely across. The canary-coloured flag of the blameless advertising life floating over the old Georgian pub. The umber and dun houses under the shadow of the gas-works, from the windows of which contemplative men lean in their grey shirt sleeves. The cluster of the stands, architecturally hideous, but who would dare or wish to alter them? The Union Jack flapping above the Pavilion clock. The little London sparrows, dusty already, busily oblivious on the waste spaces of the out-field. The staccato clapping and the relapses into utter, watchful silences. This is the life, and the place; and we are a fortunate people indeed.

In the seclusion of our extra shillingsworth sits the pale-faced, busily knitting little wife ("No, dear, I don't mind; you go an' get one. I'm *quite* all right; there's a bar back there"); the two itinerant bookmaker partners, from other shilling rings, taking a day off on yesterday's outsider. ("G-a-arn, Struddy, 'agen boy!") Returns a jovial one to our midst with three pints of beer—"What, Peach out? Go *on*! 'Ow was that then? I've only bin gorn a minute . . . 'ere, mind yerself, mate, don't go spillin' it" . . .

The score mounts up; 278 on the board now. We bask; we adore. "O-o-oh!" as Sadler lunges out of his crease and misses. "No!" calls a batsman cautiously. ("That's right; you talk to each other.") Fenley and Sadler are hitting out now for the last wicket. The whole multitude is galvanised into vociferous enthusiasm. ("Go on *agai-i-n* — that's the stuff!") Every well-stopped ball by a fielder is equally applauded; did I not say we were cricketers? ("*That's* the *way*, my boy!") Anything may happen now. There may be a blissful last-wicket stand; you never know. ("'E's got a nice style, this 'ere Fenley; 'e can whallop 'em good an' proper, too, eh?") Anyway, we are close on the 300 mark. Not so bad. Besides they won't put on 300—"na-o-w, nor the 'arf of it; take it from me."

"*H-a-a-as att?*" comes the fatal cry from three fielders. The umpire raises a curt hand. All out! Four o'clock. Tea . . . beer . . . certainly one or the other. Possibly both.

A newsboy rushes in with an Early Special, bearing before him a placard, "Essex In Trouble!" We regard it scornfully.

"Essex in trouble? O' course; they *would* be!"

From Our Portrait Gallery

Lafayette

THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON

Who sailed from England last week en route for Bombay, where she is to join her husband. Lord Lytton, the Governor of Bengal, is Acting Viceroy of India during the absence of Lord Reading

The Past in Pictures at Wembley

By FRANK HIRD

ROYAL INTEREST IN WEMBLEY

Her Majesty the Queen paid another visit to the Empire Exhibition last week. She is here seen outside the Hong Kong pavilion, with Sir Robert Ho Tung

THOSE conscientious people who go through picture exhibitions steadily from A to Z, catalogue in hand, would have to give several days to a complete "doing" of the Palace of Arts at Wembley. But your conscientious picture-seer is rarely discriminating. I am sure that the people responsible for the happy arrangement of the galleries in the Palace had the discriminating rather than the conscientious type of visitor in their minds. It is all so planned that you can go and see just what you want to see without "wading through" pictures which don't interest you. Applied arts, portraits of our Empire-builders from the fourteenth century down to our own time, sculpture, bronzes, modern English, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand paintings, tapestry, bookbinding, etcetera—the Palace of Arts is big; my space is small; hence the etceteras.

I SPENT a delightful morning in two of the galleries—Gallery N, "Retrospective Oil Paintings: Empire Builders," and Gallery V, "Retrospective Oil Paintings: English Life." In the first gallery are thirty-five portraits, and each portrait stands for a step in our Empire development. Beginning with the Lorenzo Lotto portrait of Sebastian Cabot, lent by Viscount Lascelles, the series goes down through the centuries, ending with Gordon and Cecil Rhodes. The two last are bronzes. Next to the Lorenzo Lotto is a small carving in stone of Henry VIII, by Holbein, which once upon a time belonged to Horace Walpole and was in his collection at Strawberry Hill. Then there is a gorgeous picture of Queen Elizabeth arriving at Blackfriars for the marriage of Lady Anne Russell to the eldest son of the Earl of Worcester, by Gheeraerts, all gold and delicate embroideries. People who go to fancy dress balls in Elizabethan costume ought to consult this picture.

AN added interest to this gallery is the fact that many of the portraits have been lent by the descendants of the men they portray. For example, the Duke of Wellington has lent the Sir William Beechey portrait of the Iron Duke; the Earl of Lichfield the Reynolds of the first Baron Anson; the Marquis of Salisbury the Richmond portrait of his great father; Lady Strathcona the fine Ouless of the first Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal; and Earl Nelson lends a Rigaud of the great Admiral.

LORD LASCELLES, who is the chairman of the Retrospective Loan Committee, and lends, besides the Cabot portrait, a fine Gainsborough of George Canning, had a good deal to do with the admirable arrangement of the pictures in this gallery.

HAVING browsed here and plunged back into history I went to Gallery V. It was like opening a door and stepping straight into the eighteenth century. The Hogarths, the Zoffanys, the Stubbs, all show domestic interiors of the time of powder and patches, if you except the Hogarth "March of the Guards to Finchley," lent by the Foundling Hospital. As amongst the portraits, many of these pictures are lent by descendants. The Cholmondeley family group by Hogarth comes from the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and the Duke of Portland sends Charles Philip's quaint and stiff "A Tea Party at the Countess of Portland's"—the date is 1732—as well as Stubbs's portrait of the third Duke of Portland on a white horse, with a view of the stables and riding school at Welbeck.

THERE is a delightful Zoffany showing the Sharp family having a music-party on the Thames; they even have a harpsichord in the boat. The King has lent Wilkie's "The Penny Wedding" for this gallery.

AS I moved about in the eighteenth century, I caught glimpses now and again of modern pictures through the gallery openings, notably Albert Moore's "Loves of the Winds and Seasons," lent by the Blackburn Corporation, but I left the modern pictures for another morning. I am going to the Palace of Arts often, and I advise you to do the same.

Photographs G.P.U.

BRADFORD TRIES CONCLUSIONS WITH PARIS

The Lord Mayor of Bradford, Mr. J. H. Palin, M.P. (left), Sir Henry Whitehead and Mr. John Elmsley with a group of mannequins displaying models of Bradford design and materials, at Wembley last week, when the Bradford Chamber of Commerce Exhibit, in the Palace of Industry was opened

Milk-Eau!—The Drink Problem in Two Houses

BY DAVID WILSON

While Lord Astor conducts his campaign in the Lords for More and Better Milk, Lady Astor, with spirits quite undamped, pursues her Temperance Crusade, as opportunity arises, in the Commons

POLO NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Whit-Monday Attractions

At the London Clubs polo-players have been lucky enough to enjoy tolerably favourable conditions for the opening month of the season, and already there has been a good deal of interesting play. I hope the fine weather will extend over Whit-Monday, for a special treat is in store for the public on that afternoon in the shape of the appearance both of the Jodhpur team and the American Army side at the Hurlingham Club. Up to the time of writing very little has been seen of the United States officers on the London grounds, but the Indian players have taken part in a number of matches, and on the whole they have shown great promise. They failed to win their opening game at Ranelagh or Worcester Park, but they made an example of the Eaton side at Hurlingham, and did equally well against a Roehampton team at the latter Club. Already their ponies are the subject of the admiration of the polo world.

A Fine Team

The Maharajah of Jodhpur's wonderful stud has still to become properly acclimatised, but the ponies should be in good shape for the big open tournaments next month. It is quite clear that our visitors will make a big bid for championship honours. Captain A. H. Williams has already exhibited something like his best form, while Thakur Prithi Singh is showing himself to be a remarkable goal-scorer. He seems to be able to find the mark from all sorts of impossible angles, and is now hailed as one of the best forwards which India has sent to this country. Given a reasonably dry ground, the Indians will probably put up a sparkling display on the famous No. 1 ground at Hurlingham on Bank Holiday.

A POLO INTERLUDE *Alfieri*

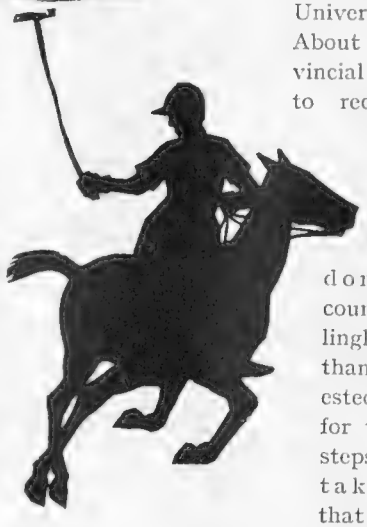
Major Avery, Captain Osborne and Thakur Prithi Singh (Jodhpur's No. 1) at Hurlingham, where Whatcombe (in receipt of five goals), one of the teams entered for the Whitney Cup, defeated the Indian visitors by eleven goals to six

The Social Clubs

Congratulations to Buck's Club upon having won the first important tournament of the London season. We miss some of the combinations which formerly took part in the Social Clubs Tournament. Time was when White's and the Bath always had strong teams in the field in this competition, but nowadays Buck's seems to claim the majority of the best civilian players. This club put two teams in the field in the recent tournament. Needless to say, the Cavalry Club was also represented, but its side was fairly and squarely beaten in the final by Buck's Club "B." a team consisting of Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. A. Grisar, Mr. E. Hopping, and Sir Ernest Horlick. These were the four who won the tournament two years ago, and it was pleasant to see them playing together as effectively as ever.

Good for County Polo

I am glad to see that Hurlingham has started a scheme to send representative teams into the provinces. The main object is to encourage interest in polo in all parts of the country. Of course, the question of expense is rather an important one. It is no small matter to despatch a team with its ponies and groom from London to distant parts of England. This is a matter in which the provincial clubs can well render necessary assistance. Funds can be raised, just as at point-to-point meetings, by charging a fee for an enclosure for cars at these special matches. Anyway, the bogey of cost will not deter the Hurlingham Club from putting their enterprise to a practical test this year. Already it has been arranged for suitable teams to go to Oxford and Cambridge in order to give the University sides a game. About six other provincial clubs are likely to receive sides from the G.H.Q. of polo. It has long been realised that something should be done to stimulate county polo, and Hurlingham deserves the thanks of all interested in the game for the very practical steps they are now taking to achieve that object.



A DAY TO REMEMBER!

JUNE 10

Our Double Summer Number

Unusual Features Usual Price

With Polo People in Pleasant Places

WAY DOWN WEST

The visiting Jodhpur team at Roehampton, where they beat a scratch team representing the home club by thirteen goals to seven in a fast game

AT SUNNY RANELAGH

Mr. Filmer Sankey adopts an attitude reminiscent of something cool in a tankard

Photographs by W. A. Rouch, Central News, Alfieri, and Sport & General

HAPPY RETURNS

The Duke of Westminster at Ranelagh, where he made a welcome return to the galloping game with his old Eaton team against Optimists. The happily-named ones were defeated in a good game by four goals to two

HOT—BUT NOT BOTHERED—AT HURLINGHAM

Colonel H. A. Tomkinson (left), Captain C. H. Tremayne, Sir Ernest Horlick and Mr. A. Grisar before the final for the Social Clubs' Cup at Hurlingham. Colonel Tomkinson and Captain Tremayne played for Cavalry Club; Sir Ernest Horlick and Mr. Grisar are members of Mr. Earl Hopping's Buck's Club "B," which, in winning the game by nine goals to six, again secured the Social Clubs' Cup. (Inset circle): Mrs. Hall, Colonel Tomkinson and Mrs. Gilbey between chukkars at Hurlingham

Motley Musings

AFTER HERRICK

Whenas in sulks my Julia goes,
Methinks it is because she owes
The price of her smart, silken hose!

. . . . .

EVERYONE seems rather pleased with things just now. Even the turnstiles at Wembley are saying they've clicked.

. . . . .

"I DIDN'T mind her calling me illegible, Mrs. B.," said the irate female, "but when she started casting asparagus on my 'usband's character I 'ad to take notice."

. . . . .

THE plans of new, steel houses that are shortly to be erected have come in for severe criticism. We can, however, assure our readers that they are not likely to be "put up" jobs.

. . . . .

AFTER his batting exploits, Leicestershire cricketers are convinced that their King can do no wrong.

. . . . .

CERTAIN wives of certain M.P.s are asking the latter where they acquired their intimate knowledge of silk stockings.

. . . . .

Two sisters, called Gertrude and Myrtle,
Encountered a succulent turtle,
Said the latter, "Look here,
Will you have thick or clear?"
"None for me," said Myrtle,
"but Gert'll!"

. . . . .

THE rivalry between our inland health resorts, says a contemporary, reminds us of a dog fight. Well, we should like to see a really good "Spa" between Buxton and Cheltenham.

READERS are kindly requested to attribute the following lines to the warm weather:

I like you with your eyes of blue
That haunt and taunt and thrill me through;
I like your lips, your lily hand,
Your manner so serenely bland,
And everything you say and do.

I like all trees that ever grew,
The oak and elm that proudly stand,
The cedar's spreading branches and
I like yew!

I like the Thames that holds in thrall
All those who heed her silver call:
I like the green that decks the swards
Up at the Oval or at Lord's.
I like them, yes; but best of all,
I like Kew!

. . . . .

A LABOURER, accused of being inebriated, and requested to say "truly rural," indignantly refused, and demanded an arm-chair. He seems to have sat tight and said nothing.

. . . . .

THE rumour in sporting circles that Earl Balfour has heavily backed Zionist is unconfirmed.

. . . . .

A SUNDERLAND child called Alice recently set fire to her parents' house. Lewis Carroll would have had something to say about Malice in Sunderland.

Two missionaries in Central Africa have been fined for illegally trading with natives. There would appear to be sins of a mission as well as "commission."

. . . . .

ASKED to write an essay on Henry VIII, Jones *secundus* began: "Henry, who obstinately refused to allow massage for the dead, was a professional widower. It was Cardigan Wolsey who tried to bluff King Hall."

. . . . .

Now that boy would probably mix up Red Riding Hood and the Wolfe at Quebec.

. . . . .

CERTAIN prominent persons have quoted in a weekly journal the lines that appeal to them the most. The lines that appear below were not inserted:

Mr. Snowden: "A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions."

Mr. Tom Newman: "To play billiards well is the sign of a mis-spent youth."

Lord Robert Cecil: "Half-a-league, half-a-league——"

Mr. Lloyd George: "The thin Red Line."

"*Margot*": "Modesty is a very good thing, but one can get on very well without it."

Mr. Jack Jones: "Shout with the largest!"

Sir Alfred Butt: "I know the value of a kindly chorus!"

. . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent: No, Aden is not on the Sewage Canal.

HARTLEY CARRICK

A "NAG" FOR THE RACE — By H. M. TALINTYRE

WIFE: "Well, I don't know! 'Ere's you—born at Derby, wear a Derby hat, joined up under the Derby scheme, they call us Darby and Joan down our street—and you can't pick a Derby winner!"

COUNTER-MELODY IN "A" FLAT

By J. A. Beale

He: "The fellah in the flat below mine *will* play the gramophone continuously"
She: "You'll have to get a saxophone and play that."
He: "I did—that's why he got the gramophone!"

A SOUND SCHEME

By Batchelor

"Put on the 'Toreador' song, Augustus—perhaps it will scare him"

"ON WITH THE DANCE"

AT THE PAVILION

Produced April 30, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

In considering a production of such rare excellence as this, I lean rather to the conclusion that the vocabulary of praise in our language is disproportionately small compared with the vocabulary of invective. In commendation, one is limited to terms of the good-better-best variety; while if disapproval had to be expressed, one has command of the rich and copious resources of Billingsgate. It seems to me that to deal adequately with Mr. Cochran's production one needs to speak in superlatives all the time; and a little mild profanity might even be held necessary to give proper emphasis to its admirable quality. As the title implies, the chief feature of the production is the dancing, of which almost every type is given, from the modest (or immodest!) Fox-trot, to the craft of the specialist who dances with her arms, while her feet are locked round her neck.

But it is in the production of the ballets that the entertainment most excels. One of the most wonderful of these is called "The Rake," after Hogarth's famous series, and it presents with a delicate beauty of light and colour the typical Hogarthian view of an orgie of the "Wine-and-Women" order. The choreography (horrid word!) is by M. Leonide Massine, the music is by Mr. Roger Quilter, while Mr. William Nicholson, with his designs

MESDAMES THESIGER and BYNG
In "Oranges and Lemons"

on scenery and costume, gives to the whole the breath of life. We see the Rake, very much in his cups, surrounded by frivolous ladies who seem, after the fashion of the period, to have come undone somewhere; and there is a little negro Cupid with his darts, enlisted it would almost seem for the moment, in the service of Pan. Then there are the two detached savants, who, having souls above mere worldliness, calmly ignore the Bacchanalian revels about them while they solemnly measure up the surface of the globe as serenely as if they were in the quietude of the study. The tasteful colouring and the gentle music give an indefinable quality of beauty to the scene, which is the outcome of someone's very happy inspiration.

But with a nice catholicity of taste that combines the charming with the commercial, Mr. Cochran has not forgotten the groundlings in art. Just as it takes all sorts to make a world, so must the successful review appeal to all sorts of tastes—or even on occasion to no taste at all. So we have a scene, entitled "Travelling Light," which everybody can understand. Alice Delysia is a "Young Woman" travelling in a Continental express. As night approaches she asks if she may have a sleeping berth for the rest of the journey; and then she finds that she has lost her bag with all her money in it. So the sleeper is peremptorily refused; and we are further treated to the axiom that railway companies regard ladies who have lost their bags as suspicious persons. The only

other occupant of the compartment is a "Young Man," who, when he finds that the loss of the lady's purse has deprived her of a place in the dining-car, hastens to supply her with some cold chicken from his provision-basket. After a friendly cigarette the two retire to their respective corners, and the lights are switched off, doubtless so that they may doze in greater comfort. When daylight comes we see the Young Man asleep in his corner, while the Young Woman once more rings to order her sleeping berth. She now has money, and we can only come to the lamentable conclusion that she must have robbed her travelling companion while he slept. No other conclusion is, of course, admissible.

A happy series of turns contrasts some of the "speciality" dancing of the 'eighties with the more vigorous styles of the present day. The comparison is started by the usual old man at the club who laments the fact that nowadays

everything is going to the demnition bow-wows, and who speaks with pride of the old Gaiety favourites, and above all of the lively Vanoni who was a star at the Empire, before, if I remember rightly, she went into musical comedy at the old Avenue Theatre, now The Playhouse. I think, however, one does

not need to be so very old to have seen Vanoni thirty-five years ago. As a young man I saw her frequently. Delysia could not, of course, have seen Vanoni, a fact which makes her close imitation all the more wonderful. Somebody with a very fresh and green memory must have prompted her with complete success. Then we are given a scene of the typical dancing of the Gaiety in 1888, where the girls used to hop about on one toe and waggle the other monotonously in the air, to the horror of the Mrs. Grundy of the period. An extremely funny turn is the introduction of the famous *can-can* dancers of the Moulin Rouge about the same period. English people used to be taken to see them so that they could flatter themselves that they had witnessed an agreeably scandalous spectacle.

In contrast with these noisy scenes reminiscent of a riotous youth, we have a typical "Vicarage Garden Party,"

HERMIONE BADDELEY LAYS DOWN THE LAW TO THE FAMILY
(Nigel Bruce, Lance Lister, Joan Clarkson and Violet Gould) in "Class"

which has been glorified locally by the name of "*Fête Galante*." The singing and dancing that are supposed to give a dash of worldliness at such entertainments are admirably burlesqued; while the types of the drab ladies who hover round the "dear vicar" are easily recognisable by anyone who has lived in a rural parish, and the fidelity to nature keeps the house in a roar of delight. Perhaps if we could all see ourselves as others see us, we should find the revelation distinctly funny.

THEN there is the dainty ballet called "Crescendo," designed to show how swiftly modern dancing has moved along in these days of wireless and Ford cars. The scene opens with a beautiful little excerpt from the graceful ballet, *Les Sylphides*, but these charming dancers are soon swept aside for what the programme calls "the tune of cocktails and jazz." I do not know the tune of a cocktail, but I expect it is something with a throb in it. The dancing in this scene is extraordinarily interesting in its skill and variety; while M. Leonide Massine, who is the producer of the

turn, favours us with an extremely modern dance, which looks as if, most of the time, he was merely stamping the ground to keep his feet warm.

ANOTHER entirely beautiful ballet is a "Hungarian Wedding," which gives dignity and refinement to the whole entertainment. It comes at the end of the evening, and is perhaps a little handicapped by having to follow so much that has been merely pretty, or merely frivolous, but its charm holds the audience to the last. There is a strange scene a little earlier in the evening called "Class," which shows how the fault of the daughter of the house is treated by the new poor and the new rich respectively. This gives Miss Hermione Baddeley, who has not much else to do in the piece, a chance to display her extraordinary power on the stage. Miss Baddeley can hardly be said to have an imposing presence, but in these two scenes she seems to stand head and shoulders above the rest of the company. Mlle. Delysia is, of course, the principal attraction of the lighter side of the entertainment; while Mr. C. B. Cochran is to be congratulated on having produced a revue that makes history. JINGLE

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"State-manufactured cigarettes go off with a bang"

MES AMIS—

AFTER an unconscionably prolonged spell of depression, life is again becoming interesting in Paris. Apart from the official entertainers, quite a number of unconscious humorists are abroad, making life merry with the unanticipated jest that has an entire absence of jocular intent. *Par exemple*, some anonymous benefactor, imbued with a reforming spirit which takes the form of curing Parisians of their craving for tobacco, has been slipping explosives into the most popular brand of State-manufactured cigarettes, causing them to go off with a bang when about half-smoked.

SOME dozen or so of smokers have had their faces scorched, happily without further injury, but it has led the state-factory managers into a thorough overhauling of their stocks and systems, which may eventually give cigarette-smokers more tobacco and fewer tree trunks, and has also produced official advice on the best way to smoke a cigarette that may possibly contain a whizz-bang. This best way, it seems, is to hold the cigarette in your hand, parallel to the seam of your trousers.

LIKE that, in addition to avoiding a powder-puffed face, you also run little risk of nicotine poisoning, while still contributing to the revenue. Smokers of *caporal;* unthrilled by the idea of wearing a cigarette as an ornament or miniature walking-stick, have been turning to imported English cigarettes for security, this again leading to the allegation that perhaps the anonymous explosive merchant may be executing his "reforming" in the interests of the foreign article.

AND now the Finance Minister has plunged into this tobacco entertainment with a hefty addition to the prices. As a soothing influence, tobacco may be said to have lost pride of place!

ANOTHER of our unexpected jesters is our old friend, Georges Carpentier, who, a year or two ago, had an unsuccessful bout with Jack Dempsey. Dempsey, honeymooning in Europe, had scarcely set foot in Paris before Georges challenged him to a game of golf. I don't know if Georges's golf has improved recently. Last time I saw him playing—with an English Peer—he looked as if a handicap of thirty-six would still leave him about fourteen down on bogey. But, perhaps, he thinks that Harry Fulford's lessons in right-hand stuff with the mashie will be more profitable against Dempsey than right-hand stuff with the mitts.

YET Americans tell me that Dempsey is rather good on the golf links, though a bit too strong with his putts for most greens of less than fifty yards. Georges must not be too cocksure about securing *revanche* with that deep-faced mashie, unless he wangles the match for Le Touquet and gets Harry Fulford, his instructor, to walk round with Dempsey, telling Jack some of his stories.

PLAYING over Le Touquet this week-end, by the way, I found the tales of great damage to the famous links were terribly exaggerated, for the fairway was in a state of perfection sufficient to satisfy the most exigent seekers of the sitting-up lie, while the three greens attacked by "leather-jacket" were rapidly recovering.

INCIDENTALLY, English golfers doing the man-of-wealth (week-end) trip to Le Touquet, should remember that, above all, while on the course, they have a tradition of British good manners and sportsmanship to maintain, as they may be playing next to Frenchmen, Spaniards or Americans, who are always studying us closely for a lead in these things. A pallid young wisp of the worst type, with a smudge masquerading as a moustache, had to be spoken to very sharply by one of those dear Americans

(Continued on page 658

"Did not possess the wit for a *riposte*"

A Peep at Paris

BY BERT WILSON

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF A VISIT TO PARISIAN MUSIC HALLS

"She simulates a grrrande passion"

with old-world manners who sometimes come to Europe, whom I chanced accidentally to be partnering.

WHILE we were held up at a "blind" short hole because the previous couple was still on the green, the crayoned-moustached one, who had been racing up behind us, dashed on to the tee and just glared at us without opening his mouth, as if he imagined he might cow us into inviting him to go through. We exchanged impressions about the beauty of the foliage, and then the pushful one raised his filigree moustache to snap, "I think you ought to let me through; I'm a seven man."

THE courtly American (a millionaire who probably employed a few hundred young assistants of the standing of the pressing young man) looked him over for an expressive minute, and then said, "Boy, it's all the same in the great game of golf if you're plus *seventeen*; you take your turn like anyone else, and while you're waiting on the tees it's a useful thing to read a book on deportment." The seven-man champion tried to bite his moustache, not possessing the readiness of speech for a *riposte* or the sense to apologise, but the murky streak was out of harm's way and survived the peril.

THE Nouvel-Ambigu has just given us an operette in the *ancienne manière*, which now seems altogether novel—no spoken dialogue, a sort of little opera on the comic note. The action passes in Russia in the good old days before the Russians had been Karl Marxed out of amusement. One of the entertaining features of this operette is that the author has not run any risks with new tunes that might have failed to capture popularity. He has just borrowed the best-known airs from *Carmen*, *Faust*, *La Tosca*, and the *Cloches de Corneville*, and hitched on to them the words of his story.

THESE tunes being so well-tried and certain to please, he is bound to make up on the roundabouts what he might conceivably lose on the swings. The plot turns around the winsome daughter of an old *rentier*, who wishes to marry her to the typical unlovable clod, possessed of points that appeal to experienced fathers, but repel inexperienced daughters—money or dross of that nature.

LISA loves a poor student—this loving a poor youth does seem terribly old-fashioned, doesn't it?—and student friends combine to upset the experienced father's plans, with the assistance of a *jeune veuve*, who is a joy to behold. She simulates a *grrrande passion* for the old *rentier* and gives him a *nocturne rendezvous*, which is staged with more humour than probability—of which one has no complaint. But as the father is outmanœuvred by the *jeune veuve* and three students, one can only come to the conclusion that he is not as experienced as he ought to be. However, it is very agreeable.

"The talented young woman works out a bare back from a model who is facing her"

M. RENÉ PETER'S *Polo*, at the Michel, does not work out quite so well, though in the more familiar sphere of *actualité* in characterisation. With a heroine who is poor but industrious, struggling for fame in sculpture, he sets his figures some very difficult tasks that would be impossible of achievement off a stage.

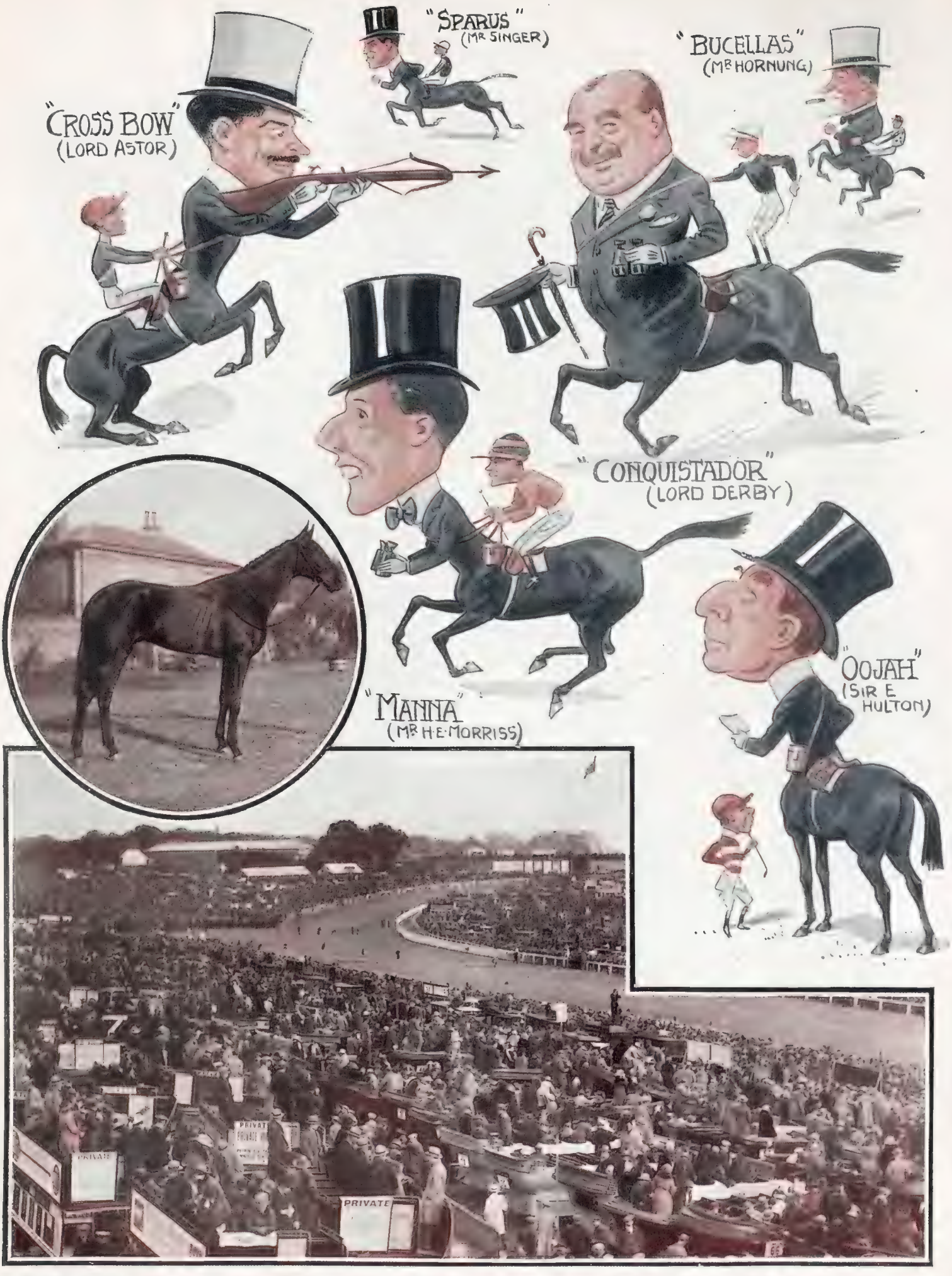
THE talented young woman works out a bare back from a model who is facing her, which is unduly clever, and her mother does the cooking under circumstances that would embarrass many a medalled *chef*. It is scarcely to be wondered that a sculptress who sees a back from the front sights the right man after she has married another. RENÉ

Enigma of the East

BY BLAM

ENDJA MOGOÜL

As she has been appearing in the big spectacular revue at the Palace Theatre, Paris



(In circle) Sir George Bullough's "St. Becan," trained by J. Jarvis at Newmarket

One of the great car parks at the 1923 meeting

The sensational defeats of "Conquistador" at Haydock Park and "Ptolemy II" at Longchamp have given more than the guarded tip is "You pays your money, and you tak

A memory of 1922 — rounding Tattenham Corner

"MANNA"
Whom Donoghue is to ride for Mr. H. E. Morriss

Derby candidates, most of whom have a more or less sporting chance in to-day's great race

sual fillip to the fierce discussions of the prophets, amateur and otherwise, of this year's Derby result. Our final and s your choice"—especially the "pay" part of it!

Caricatures by "THE TOUT." Photographs by Sport & General and W. W. Vouch

The Call of the Wild

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A touching experiment in the early days ot electric telephony—a pioneer endeavouring to hold a conversation with himself in his modest back garden

"TO WIN, OR 1-2-3!"

By ERIC ESMOND

Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

ON the corner of St. James's Street and Pall Mall I ran into Cyril. The hour was noon, and the thermometer was soaring into the 'eighties, but Cyril, from his white top hat to his patent leather shoes, looked calm and cool as the proverbial cucumber.

"Put it there, laddie," he exclaimed heartily, extending a white-gloved hand. "How's every little thing in Dixie, so to speak?"

"Might be worse, old man," I said, grasping the proffered hand in my own. "How is life treating you?"

"At the moment, laddie—admirably," smiled Cyril. "We are now, so the calendar tells us, well into the month of June. Leading off with the Lincolnshire the bookies and myself pursued a ding-dong battle until the middle of May. But, from then onwards, laddie, I have, metaphorically speaking, been hitting them with everything but the water-bottle. In the last four weeks I have won approximately six hundred and fifty pounds."

"Good for you, old man," I said, appreciatively. "And that reminds me. How are you getting along with Messrs. O'Flannagan and Rosenstein, or, have you, too, given up doing business with them?"

"Given up doing business with O'Flannagan and Rosenstein?" said Cyril, in astonishment. "Good Heavens no, laddie. Why on earth should I?"

"Well, I don't know why on earth you shouldn't," I replied, bitterly. "They are a firm of twisters if ever I came across one."

Cyril stood regarding me in pained surprise for a moment, then he linked his arm gently through mine. "The heat, no doubt," he said, soothingly. "But an iced gin and tonic water consumed slowly in my club hard by, should soon serve to sweep away these sinister thoughts of your fellowman, laddie. There is a sky of blue smiling above us, and the world as I see it is a good, a true, and even a noble world."

"Maybe it is," I said, doggedly, "but Messrs. O'Flannagan and Rosenstein are a pair of bilkers, and I have closed my account with them."

"But what, for Heaven's sake, have they done to you?" enquired Cyril.

"Did me for ninety pounds, old man," I said; and proceeded forthwith to recount to Cyril how during the first Newmarket Meeting of the year I had won upwards of £200 from Messrs. O'Flannagan and Rosenstein, and subsequently, at the Epsom Spring Meeting, another £90; but that instead of receiving a cheque for this latter sum on the following Monday, I had been sent an account purporting to show that I had backed a horse called Macine that had finished down the course, for the sum of £100, and thus owed Messrs. O'Flannagan and Rosenstein £10 instead of receiving £90 from them. I went on to relate how, on calling at the firm's offices, I had been shown a telegram bearing my name which had been handed in at the Epsom post office the requisite two hours before the race in question.

"But didn't you apply to the post office for a certified copy of the wire?" demanded Cyril.

I nodded.

"Well, what happened?"

"The original had been typed," I said, simply.

Cyril indulged in a low whistle. "Can you beat that?" he said. "I suppose there was nothing to be done about it?"

"Nothing that was worth doing—except close my account, that is."

"Funny that up to now I have never had any trouble with them," mused Cyril, reflectively, "especially as I have touched them for a tidy bit altogether. You know how I came to do business with O'Flannagan and Rosenstein in the first place, don't you, laddie?"

"Something to do with your old Army servant, wasn't it?" I said.

"Yes, a little Cockney fellow named Smith, one of the very best the Lord ever put breath into. I hadn't clapped eyes on him for getting on for seven years—not since the Armistice that is—when one day in the early part of this year I bumped into him in Piccadilly. For the sake of old times I simply had to take the little chap into the Pickup and stand him a drink, and while we were having it, he told me of a good job he had just had offered to him with Messrs. O'Flannagan and Rosenstein, provided that he could take along a certain number of clients."

"And that was why you persuaded me to suspend operations with my own perfectly reputable bookie, and do my business this season with these blighters?" I smiled.

"I'm afraid it was, laddie," sighed Cyril, "and I'm more than sorry that you have been let in. But he is a real good fellow is friend Smith, and his parting words to me were 'I'll give you my Richard the Third that I'll look after your interests with O'Flannagan and Rosenstein just like "wot" I did out in France, Cap'n.' And seeing just how well he did look after my interests out there, I now propose to get hold of Mr. Smith and put your case before him. It's hardly in my interests to have my pals swindled."

"Do by all means," I said, "but seeing that I have closed my account with them I don't quite see what the worthy Smith can do about it, however well meaning he may be."

"Ah! but then you don't know Smith," laughed Cyril. "Why do you know that during the whole eighteen months that he acted as my batman out in France I never once ran short of whisky, not even when Generals were walking around with their tongues hanging out for want of a drink! Oh! he is a wonder when he gets going is friend Smith, believe me."

. . . . . .

Three weeks passed between the time of my telling Cyril of the treatment meted out to me by O'Flannagan and Rosenstein and my next meeting with him. Then, on the Thursday morning of the week following the Ascot meeting, I received a wire from Cyril at my

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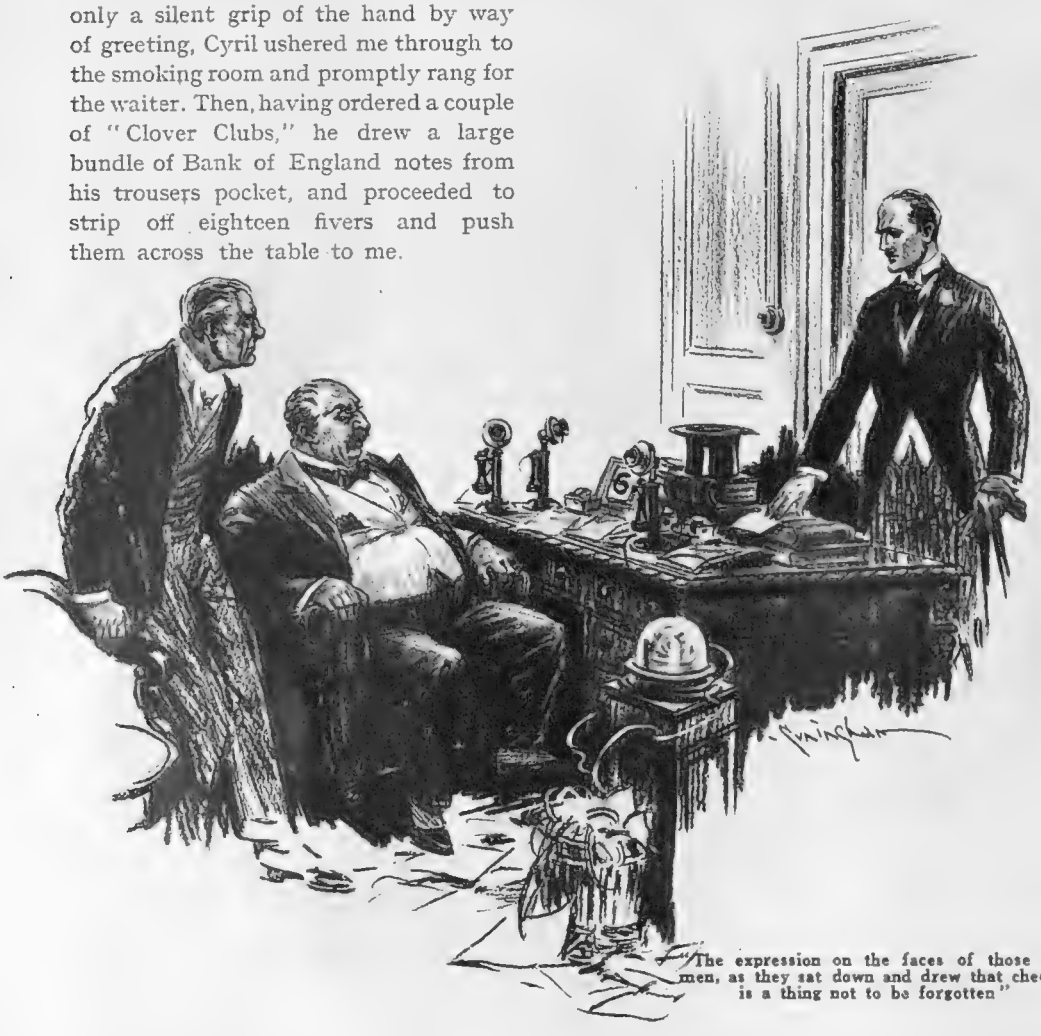
cottage down on the Dorset coast whither I had adjourned for the summer months. The message that he sent struck me as somewhat mysterious, though concise enough in its wording. "Please dine with me at the club at 8 this evening without fail can put you up for the night.—Cyril." Just that and nothing more, but it was sufficient to cause me to pack a suit case and catch the 1.40 train to London. On presenting myself at Cyril's Club punctually at eight that night I found my host awaiting me in the hall. He seemed in the best of good spirits. With only a silent grip of the hand by way of greeting, Cyril ushered me through to the smoking room and promptly rang for the waiter. Then, having ordered a couple of "Clover Clubs," he drew a large bundle of Bank of England notes from his trousers pocket, and proceeded to strip off eighteen fivers and push them across the table to me.



The expression on the faces of those two men, as they sat down and drew that cheque, is a thing not to be forgotten"

"Ninety pounds I think you said was the amount that our friends O'Flannagan and Rosenstein 'knocked' you for, laddie?" he said, suavely.

"Yes, ninety pounds was the amount," I agreed in astonishment, "but if you imagine for one moment old man that I'm going to allow you——"

Cyril cut me short with an airy wave of the hand. "A mere bagatelle, laddie, a mere bagatelle," he said, heartily. "I persuaded you against your better nature to deal with the firm, and it was up to me to see that you didn't get stung. Smith, my batman that once was, induced me to bestow my patronage upon them, and it was clearly up to Smith to put matters right. Smith has done so, laddie."

"But how?" I asked in bewilderment. "What did he do?"

"Well, laddie," replied Cyril, reflectively, blowing a thin stream of cigarette smoke ceilingward, "it is a sterling tale is this tale of Smith. Horatius of old, who, as doubtless you will recall, so valiantly held the bridge across the Tiber, has, in up-to-date parlance, 'got nothing on' my ex-batman."

"He can't have had," I agreed. "But I do wish that you would tell me exactly what has happened?"

"I am about to do so, laddie," beamed Cyril, "and furthermore I should like to record the fact that I perceive nothing either morbid or neurotic in your desire for knowledge, regarding it rather as a healthy and quite natural symptom of your adolescence. Know, then, that on the evening of the day following our conversation about O'Flannagan and Rosenstein, I had a chat with friend Smith at the completion of his day's toil. I found him by no means surprised to hear the story that I unfolded concerning yourself. Several persons, it appeared, who had been winning more money from the firm than either Mr. O'Flannagan or Mr. Rosenstein cared to separate themselves from, had been treated in a similar fashion. A wire backing a loser was, in fact, on one occasion sent off in my name from the post office in Queen Street, Mayfair. I invariably make use of that particular office for racing purposes, it being but a minute's walk from my chambers in Half Moon Street."

"Well I'm damned," I grasped, "but weren't you charged with the losing bet?"

Cyril shook his head. "Friend Smith intervened and told them that I was the wrong man to try it on with, and thus, on that occasion, I escaped. The amount was £100, my limit with the firm."

"Pretty paying system from their point of view isn't it?" I said, grimly.

At these words the smile that all along had adorned Cyril's features broke into a broad grin. "Not always, laddie." He laughed, "Race-horses are funny things you know. And, whilst it's far easier, of course, to find losers, than it is to find winners, one can't always be dead sure of picking even a loser, as certain people have just discovered to their cost.

"During the Ascot Meeting just passed I did pretty well with O'Flannagan and Rosenstein, so last Friday they got one of their hirelings to hand in a wire typed out in my name at the Queen Street, Mayfair, post office once again. That telegram read "£100 to win 'Little Box'" which horse had been quoted at 40 to 1 in the previous night's betting on the Gold Cup. Now, it so happened, that a whole packet of money was forthcoming for 'Little Box' on the course just before the race, and its actual starting price was 25 to 1. The horse, as you know, won the race by a short head. That same evening friend Smith came post-haste and told me about the wire. Of course, I immediately applied to the G.P.O. for a certified copy of the telegram, and, subsequently, went round and raised several sorts of hell with O'Flannagan and Rosenstein for having omitted to include a winning bet of £2,500 over 'Little Box' in my weekly account.

"The expression on the faces of those two men, as they finally sat down and drew that cheque, is a thing not lightly to be forgotten, laddie."

BY HAROLD BEARDS

EPSOM "DOWNS'

Getting Ready to "Spa": The Gong Goes

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

Mlle. St. Omer Roy takes a "highball" (court variety) with, we hope, good net results

WAITING FOR A COURT

Lady Victoria de Trafford, Mrs. Ridley Tomson and Mr. C. R. de Lasalle indulging in a little game of "patience"

WATERS NOT PROHIBITED

Colonel and Mrs. Mears engaged in the fashionable pastimes of taking the waters and watching the passing pageant

LADIES TO THE CENTRE COURT

Mlle. Lecaron, Mlle. Florent, Madame C. Aeschliman, and Mlle. de Alvarez presented to the camera at court

for the Social Round at Aix-Les-Bains

MY LADIES' BOWER

Miss I. Larking, Mme. Allatini, Mrs. Lane Eno, and Miss F. Larking in a summery scene beautiful enough to write a poem about—but not this week!

IN THE WHITE COMPANY

Major-General Sir Arlington Chichester and Lady Chichester fall in for lawn tennis parade

Photographs

A SEE-SCAPE

Mr and Mrs. Arthur Parkinson and Miss Rona Parkinson in a "wait-and-see" act that also includes being seen

Alfieri and Sport & General

THE "WATCH" COMMITTEE

Major Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank watching the lawn tennis—very properly a part of the prescribed cure—at Aix-les-Bains

The STORY of the REMAINS

by

S·G·Hulme Beaman.

DEAR MR. CORONER—

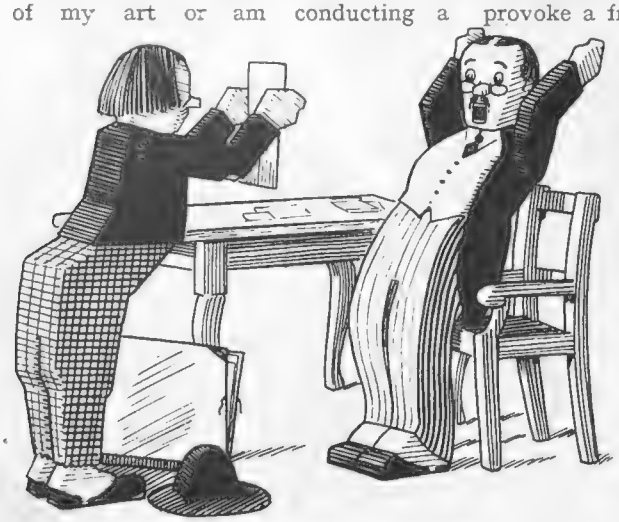
I SUPPOSE I should preface this pitiful confession by apologising for the trouble caused you; but I am not sure. It may be I am providing you with a job, and if you receive a fee for every corpse on which you sit, an apology from the corpse would seem lacking in tact. One does not apologise to the butcher for troubling him to serve one (except, of course, during war-time) or to the architect for offering him a commission.

If you, and the gentlemen of the jury, have viewed the remains you will have noticed that the unhappy man who addresses you is, or was (please pardon a natural confusion in tenses) a person of sleek and prosperous appearance, obviously not driven to suicide by destitution. Of course, I appreciate that the description "artist" which you have doubtless set down in your minutes, or agenda, or whatever you call your gruesome memoranda, may have pre-disposed you to such a conclusion. No, Mr. Coroner; I have no such simple motive. This is my dreadful secret.

For many years I have been regarded as a prosperous and well-to-do artist, though, naturally, such a curious combination has not escaped uncharitable speculation. As, however, I have not been arrested for forgery or any other legal offence it has been finally assumed that I am either living on the proceeds of my art or am conducting a correspondence school, and I have been accepted by my neighbours at my face value. And yet I have to confess, Mr. Coroner, that I have sold but one drawing in my life. This drawing was reproduced after a lapse of many years, and I have only recently become aware of the fact by observing a copy in a friend's house, affixed to a fishmonger's calendar, and occupying a position in the household which I will not specify.

How then did I live? Let others take warning from the secret which has driven me to this dreadful extremity.

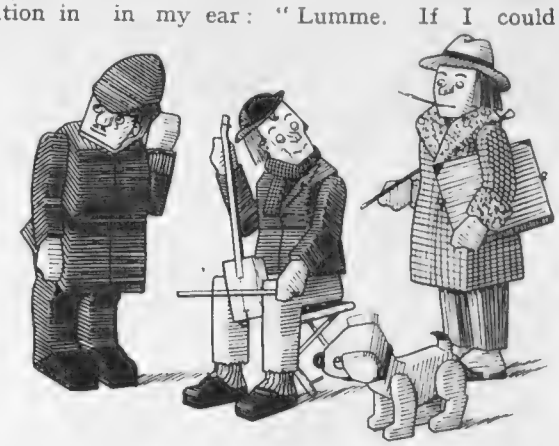
I sold, as I have said, but one drawing, and I am convinced that this limitation was due entirely to the obtuseness of art-editors who are (as many artists will tell you) quite incapable of appreciating really *good* work. In my daily efforts to improve the taste of these Philistines I wore out much boot-leather, and received many rebuffs and offers of personal violence—which offers frequently came to fruition on those occasions when a precariously attached boot-sole prevented my moving with the necessary alacrity. The depth of degradation into which artistic taste has fallen in this country may be judged from the fact that in many cases the mere production of my work in an editor's office was sufficient to provoke a frenzied cry for the janitor.



"Sufficient to provoke a frenzied cry for the janitor"

I was young and inexperienced in those days, but I know now that most artists guard themselves against physical rebuffs (such as running kicks at the person) by wearing a protective appliance consisting of a leather pad studded with short spikes. Hence the proverbial saying: "It's no good kicking against the pricks."

I was returning, discouraged, from one of my unsuccessful raids, on a fine day in June. The editor whom I had attempted to proselytise had summoned a commissionaire from whom I had escaped by the exercise of unusual agility (an agility due, I feel sure, to my having partaken of meat some days before). The string uniting my soles and my uppers had parted beneath the strain imposed, and I was suffering much discomfort by reason of gravel between the toes. As I passed along the street I observed a pavement artist basking in the sun amidst a collection of drawings upon boards, these drawings being singularly wanting in merit. But he looked well-fed and contented. "Happy man," thought I. "In direct touch with the art-loving public." And then the brilliant idea (as I considered it) struck me; for a dilapidated loafer, contemplating the deplorable exhibition, muttered in my ear: "Lumme. If I could do them things I'd make some dough."



"A fellow artist playing a one-stringed fiddle"

With me, to conceive an idea is to act upon it. I drew the loafer aside. "What percentage of your takings would you pay me for the hire of pictures like that?" I asked him. At first he did not grasp my meaning. He looked at me, including my boots, with suspicion and commenced to edge away. But I hurriedly explained, and when he had grasped the magnitude of the idea, he accompanied me into a neighbouring alley. I need give no details of the haggling which ensued; sufficient to say that terms were arranged, and as a public-house was close at hand we were able to ratify the bargain in the usual manner—at the loafer's expense.

A few days later my client had selected an excellent pitch, and had taken up his position in the company of a series of my best drawings. Financial success was immediate. My picture "Diana in Spring" (refused by every art-editor in London) was, in particular, received with approbation. Dense crowds collected, roaring with laughter—presumably at the

(Continued on page 670)

The Young Visiter

MISS COLLEEN MOORE

The film flapper of the moment, whose first visit to England has coincided, by a happy chance, with the production of her new picture, "So Big," at the Tivoli

whimsical conjunction of the masterpiece and the supposed author seated beside it—and pence flowed into the offertory cap. I was soon able to partake regularly of actual food and to procure from Woolworth's a new pair of trousers. But the worm of ambition had bitten me. If one successful client, why not a dozen—fifty?

Let me draw a decent veil over the development of my enterprise. Enough that, in a few months' time, I had seventy clients seated in different parts of London, each supplied (after my receipt of a five-shilling deposit) with a dozen drawings, including a replica of "Diana in Spring." I became a busy man. Renting a studio, and obtaining several rolls of wallpaper, I set to work methodically, turning out replicas of my works. The procedure was simple, though tedious. Upon the reverse side of an outstretched roll of wall-paper the composition was sketched a dozen times. The colouring was carried out in terms of mass-production; firstly, all the yellows, then the reds, and so on. Finally the roll was slit up into its component pictures. So skilled did I become that at last I was able to draw and colour "Diana in Spring" with my eyes practically shut; and, strange to say, this seemed to increase its popularity.

But all great enterprises must necessarily carry with them worries and twistings of the soul. I imagine that Mr. Crosse and Mr. Blackwell must shudder at the smell of pickled onions; that Mr. Kruschen must groan aloud at the sight of a hurdle-race. So did I shudder whenever I saw a crowd rocking with laughter, accompanied by the musical clinking of pence. I knew it was "Diana in Spring"—though it is true that on one occasion it proved to be a fellow-artist playing a one-stringed fiddle. "Diana in Spring" dogged my footsteps abroad and haunted my sleep. I began to take my walks furtively through back streets, and to ask my conscience whether a true artist was justified in applying his art to mere commercial exploitation.

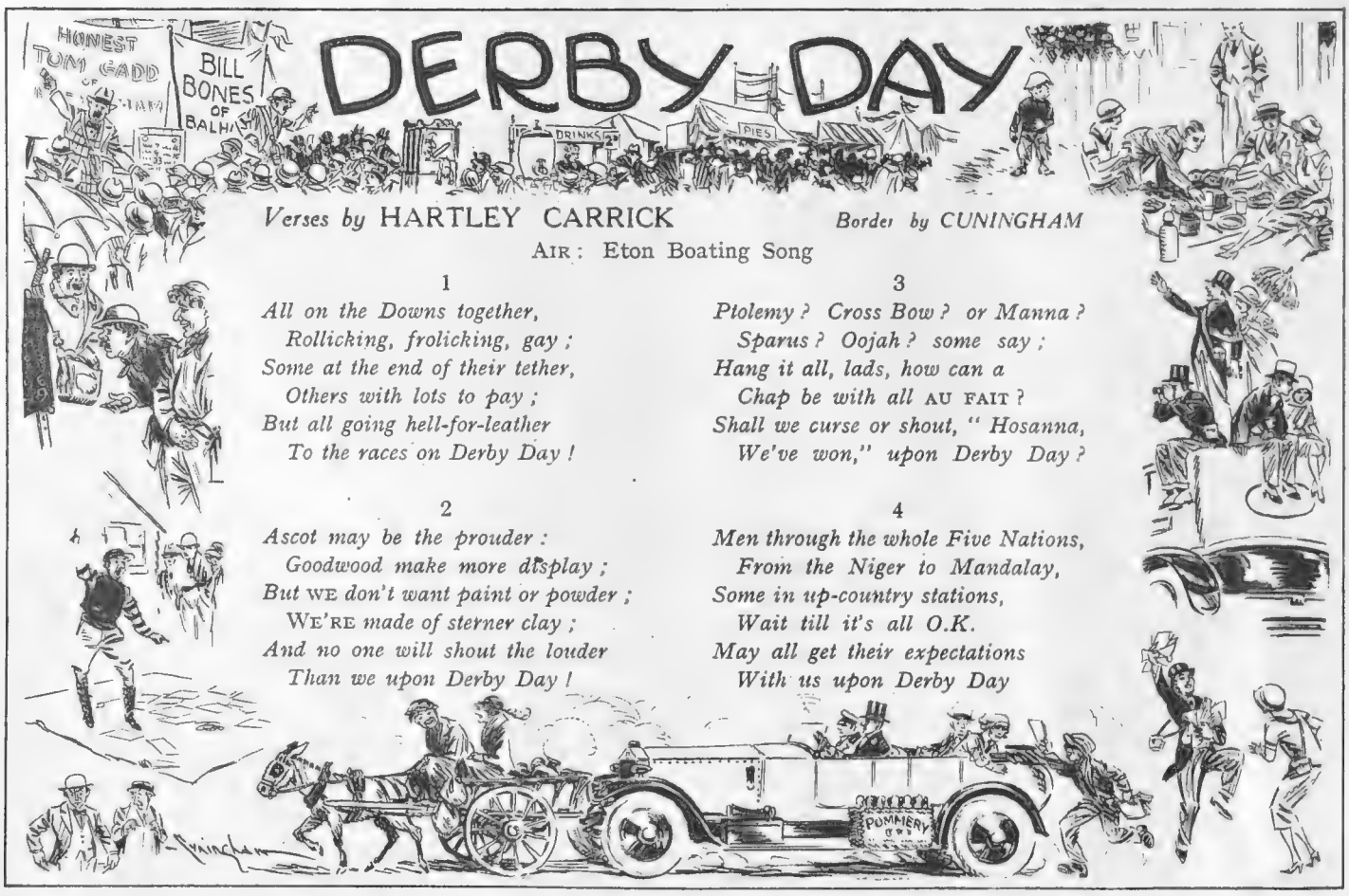
"Blackleg," cried conscience, and I tried to stifle it in beer, aspirin, wireless, golf, and even cross-word puzzles. But conscience would not be still. Money came rolling in; painted wallpaper was slit into masterpieces and went out. I bought a motor-car and the vicar called to tea. I bought a new hat, and the local radio society invited me to become a member. And happiness had fled.

I will not harrow your feelings, Mr. Coroner, by detailing in full the successive steps which brought me to the purchase of an ounce of potassium ferrocyanide, for I saw, finally, that death alone pointed a way of release. I have prepared a strong solution of the re-agent, and now propose to drink it. I must confess to some doubt as to whether I should not have bought potassium ferricyanide instead of ferrocyanide; I may have made a mistake. But this you will be able to judge for yourself if you have viewed the remains.

S. G. Hulme Beaman

LADY DAY? By Eddie Benfield

The Canny One: "What aboot going in here, Agnes, for half-an-oor?"



Verses by HARTLEY CARRICK *Border by CUNINGHAM*

Air: Eton Boating Song

1

All on the Downs together,
Rollicking, frolicking, gay;
Some at the end of their tether,
Others with lots to pay;
But all going hell-for-leather
To the races on Derby Day!

2

Ascot may be the prouder:
Goodwood make more display;
But WE *don't want paint or powder;*
WE'RE *made of sterner clay;*
And no one will shout the louder
Than we upon Derby Day!

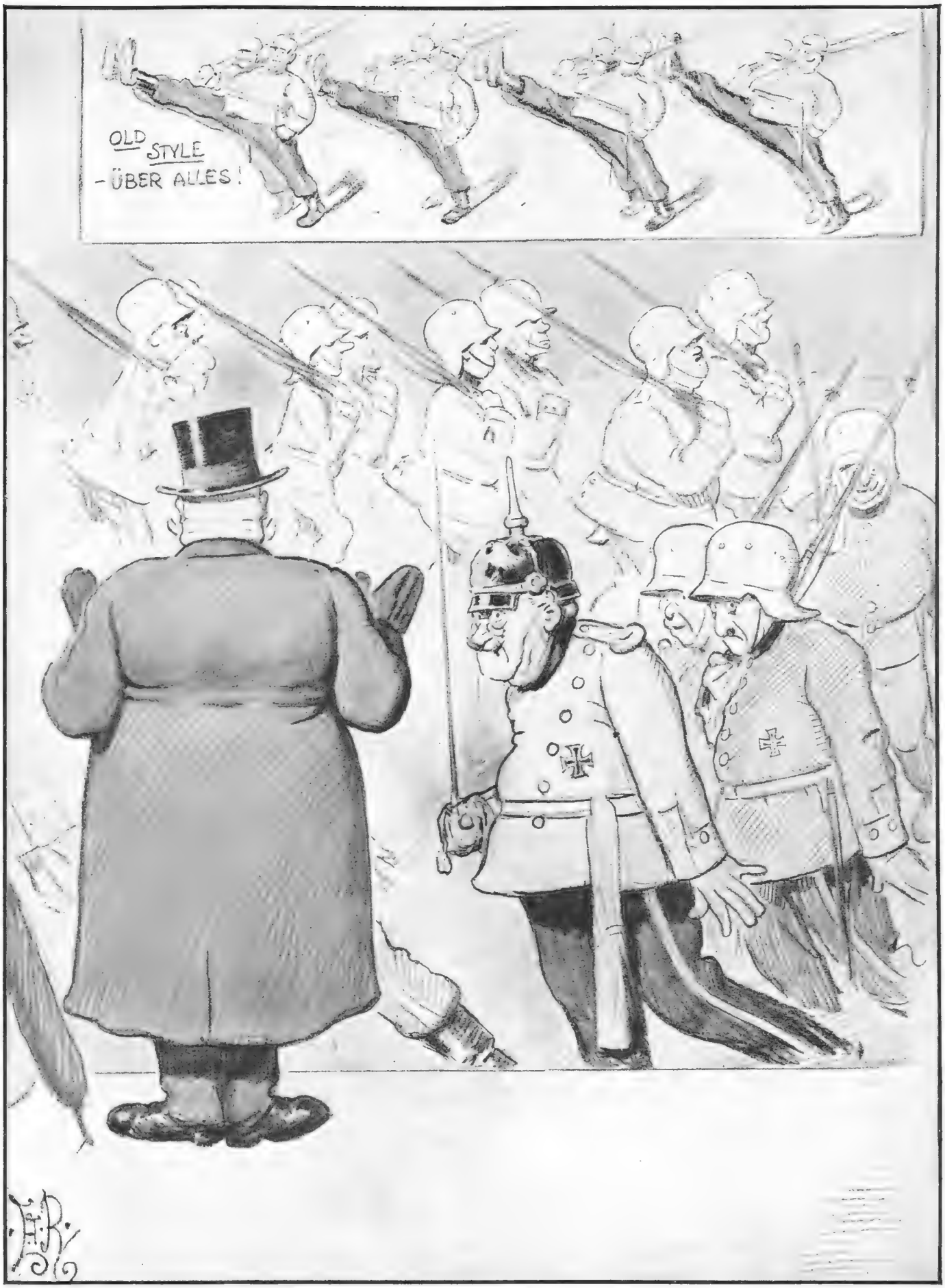
3

Ptolemy? Cross Bow? or Manna?
Sparus? Oojah? some say;
Hang it all, lads, how can a
Chap be with all AU FAIT?
Shall we curse or shout, "Hosanna,
We've won," upon Derby Day?

4

Men through the whole Five Nations,
From the Niger to Mandalay,
Some in up-country stations,
Wait till it's all O.K.
May all get their expectations
With us upon Derby Day

"All Goosey"



By E. T. REED

HINDENBURG: "Now, my children, retain in your minds our triumphant Goose-step, but, *for the moment*, try and give an appearance of mildness and humility. That's better! Just a *leetle* more drooping at the knees!"

A NEW NIGHT LIGHT

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT. *Illustrated by HYNES*

THE wick of this new lamp which has been lighted in London has been most carefully trimmed. One would have thought there were enough lamps to guide the dancing feet of Mayfairers; but it appears this is not so. So they have rubbed yet another lamp, and the Genie who produces dance clubs out of space seems this time to have gone one better than ever before in presenting to our enchanted gaze an *endroit* which he calls "The Kit-Cat" in the Haymarket, upon the name of which there hangs a tale or two, if not three . . . .

There was a Kit-Cat club once before, in 1770 or thereabouts, "composed of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen zealously attached to the House of Hanover." They ate pies, cooked by a Mr. Cat, in a cosy pub, and toasted their lady friends in glasses (I can only assume the fairest of them must have been known as "Kit") upon which they inscribed, somewhat injudiciously, it seems to me, an account of the lady's chief charms. So that the new Kit-Cat starts with a certain amount of romance attached to it. This atmosphere will be increased as time goes on, if I know anything of the effect of dramatic lighting arrangements upon the modern dancing man and woman.

I hate to think what has been spent upon this new Night Light; but am relieved in my mind on reflecting that, of course, they will get it all back, and a penny or two over. For it is really very sumptuous, and planned with exceedingly good taste, which sumptuousness seldom implies. And because it is sumptuous and comfortable and rather exciting, all London will flock there—and those who can't get in because they are not members will say it is "a dud show," which is the way of an unseemly world.

On getting out of your Limmy-De-Luxe (it was an evil-smelling taxi in my case, needless to say) you see behind the glass doors the usual men behind the usual signing-in books, and you think it is like all the rest of them. You are consequently rather startled, and, if not an old hand, rather embarrassed for the moment when you see the entrance, and pleasurably thrilled as you wander instinctively—your lady being late, of course—("I am *so* sorry, my dear, I couldn't get a taxi *anywhere*" [liar]) towards the cocktail bar. It is not a bar; it is a Tudor drawing-room, with a 15th century fireplace, oak panelled, very snappy, and a "Midsummer Night's Dream" frieze in pale apple green under the ceiling. All this, and the "Kit-Cat cocktail" that by some mischance has got into your hand, gives you an entirely new outlook on life, and late women.

Then superb footmen take you down in an elevator (sacrilege to call it a lift) and the ballroom bursts upon you It is like in shape unto other places you know, only about twice as big and twice as beautiful. It has a gallery wherein, strange to say, there is room to move about and to dine comfortably, in the plus fours if you are like that (though the man who dares come into

(*Continued on page 674*)

Iridescence Does Not Shout—
It Is Shy!

THERE is nothing bright, brilliant, or glittering about iridescence—it is not dazzling, but demure—it does not shout for attention but is shy of it, which, as all the world knows, is the most attractive quality to be found in either women or pearls! And there are only two pearls that possess it—Nature produces one and Técla the other.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

10 Rue de la Paix Paris

398 Fifth Avenue New York

this palace in them deserves a bar to his life-saving medal); it has alcoves with sofa seats, and it has devilishly-cunning lighting arrangements.

Moreover, it has a dance floor resting upon 300 springs, and a highly temperamental band. You know what all this means, you susceptibles!

I am still rather over-wrought (and I trust she is) on account of this lighting business. While wandering pleasurably through the dinner, presided over by Soso, the manager, who is quite capable of seeing that it is Super So if you will let him, you notice merely a collection of large, flat basin-shaped affairs in the high ceiling glowing provocatively red, and you can stand that because you are rather busy for the moment. But when Aileen Stanley, "the Gramophone Girl," sings during the coffee and liqueur period, you experience the first signs of weakening towards indiscretions with your *vis-à-vis;* because suddenly the lights change to pale cream, blood red, and mauve, with the heavens picked out with the little white stars of the table lamps in the gallery. And this is enough to unhinge any man.

They go on ringing these delightfully disturbing changes on you all night. First it is mauve, then pale blue, then amethyst, then ten shades of purple. And on the top of it all arrives Vincent Lopez, the Spanish-American gentleman, and his eighteen masters of jazz. And they complete your downfall.

Dance music, as rendered by these Americans, would seem to have reached its ultimate stage. There can hardly be anything better of its kind. It is a highly-finished performance. All the members of this company are complete masters of their weird and wonderful instruments; most of them are masters of about four, upon which they ring the changes as the spirit moves them. Lopez himself plays the piano with a rapidity and technique which is in itself remarkable; and when they play a "selection" from *Pinafore* you hear a satire which for real American "slickness" can scarcely be surpassed. When Lopez takes this band to the "Commem. Ball" at Oxford, as he has been asked to do, he will get a reception from Undergraduates that will surely bring a smile of gratification into his impassive face.

There is no doubt this new Night Light will burn undimmed for many a moon, as it deserves to. About next October there will be a rival lighting up in——but sufficient unto the violet and grey May night is the allurement thereof.

A SISTERLY ACT

G. P. A.

The Dolly Sisters (sometimes called The Dollar Sisters in the States, where they are at present rightly prized at face value), who are to appear at the Kit-Cat Club in July—evidently, for us, a very fair exchange

Gibbs heads the field

No. 2 of a series by the famous French Animal Caricaturist, R. de la Nézière

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Taking every fence like a stag, the favourite is staying well and draws away clear of the field. He reaches the home stretch with a commanding lead. Be sure your money is laid on the popular favourites—

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Refills for above, 11d.
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Shaving Stick in Nickel Holder Case - 1/3
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Also in Bowls and Tins - - - - - 1/6

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That Chin-Up Philosophy

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Simply must back something"

LONDON, *May* 25

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE'S a quaint present from somebody, as dear, clever little Olga Lindo remarks in *Rain* at the Garrick, but as they also say in the same intriguing play, just keep your chin up and it'll be O.K.—likewise, to quote once more this eminent dramatic authority, Mr. Somerset Maugham to wit, it all depends on what vision you have.

WHEREIN, compressed into those three little sayings or *obiter dicta*, methinks one may discover wellnigh the whole and entire philosophy of life. I mean, rather thrown not to say chucked into the whole affair we have been, haven't we, to start with, and *sans* any choice of our own—though the real genuine Victorian parents would never admit that, I'm told, and were always trying to persuade their offspring that it was most awfully kind of 'em to allow their sons and daughters the privilege of being born, and eternal gratitude, spiritual *and* material, was to be expected from them therefor.

ABOUT that chin-up idea though, No. 2 in the series, meseems there can't be any sort or kind of argument or difference of opinion whatsoever, what? This being, so to speak, the World's First Principle or General Rule of Life.

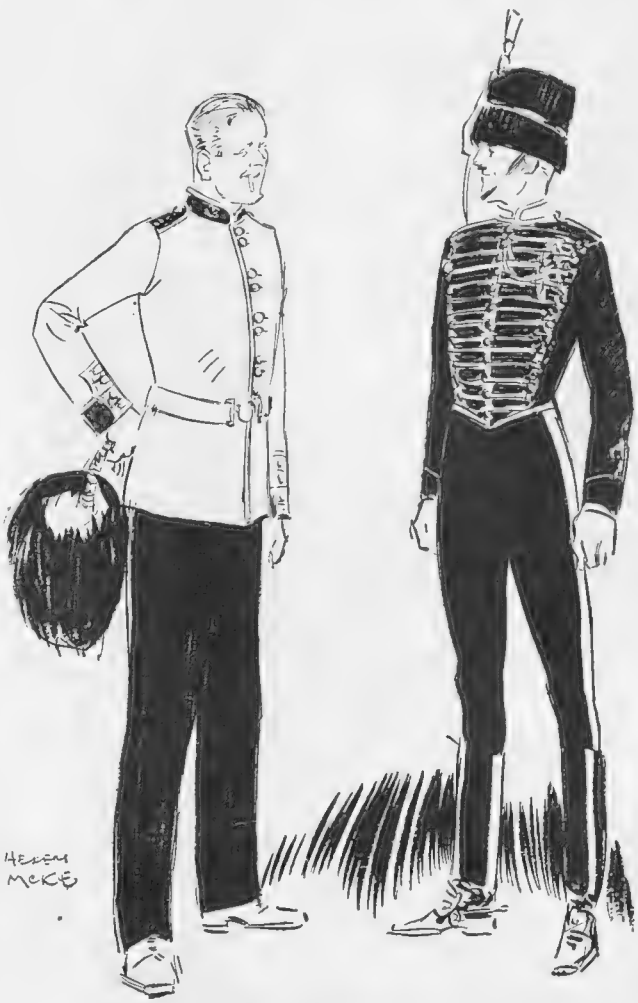
> Laugh, and the world laughs with you—
> Weep, and you weep alone . . .

said dear old Ella Wheeler Wilcox in one of her brightest moments.

BUT, thirdly (as the Scottish divines say in their sermons), lastly, and to finish up with, there's that other and most completely important and devastating condition of all—about it all depending on "what vision you have." Oh, my dear brethren and sistren, this is just where we hit it right in the very middle or centre, and where Cissie wore the beads. Because it's all, when you come to weigh it up, really quite entirely a matter of the point of view, *n'est-ce-pas*, this little wad or portion of eternity that you and I, dear cousin, are trying, are we not, to make as bright and merry a little affair of as can be duly compassed, spite of income tax, British weather, and the exorbitant price of hats.

BUT let's now right rapidly and firmly recall ourselves to realities, what? *E.g.*, it's the Derby this very next Wednesday, as ever is, and simply *must* back something quick—can you please give me any last-minute advice? Seeing, I mean, that all the best favourites and others that I'd picked a few weeks ago or so seem to have fallen down simply terribly, and I don't quite know exactly *where* to turn for my usual winner that keeps the household going for weeks and weeks afterwards, owing to the immoral gains procured and added to the Treasury thereby.

CROWDED days these, aren't they? And fair packed with the Season's happenings, that seem to be positively tumbling over one another, so to speak. A Levee to-day, for instance, not to mention the Caledonian Ball, and to-morrow it's the Queen's birthday, and I've been asked to no less than six separate dances. And then on Thursday there's that ancient and splendid show, the Royal Tournament at Olympia, which still keeps going strong in spite of all modern innovations. To be a gunners' affair first and foremost this year it is, and all sorts of marvellous feats to be performed by the R.A., including nice old-fashioned affairs they used to do with rockets and things in the good old days when war was still a quite decent kind of affair, on "Gentlemen of the Guards, fire first" lines, and all that sort of thing. And rather good for us to be reminded methinks, these cutting-down days, that there *is* still such a thing as an Army, not to mention the Navy *and* the R.A.F.



"The Royal Tournament at Olympia, still going strong"

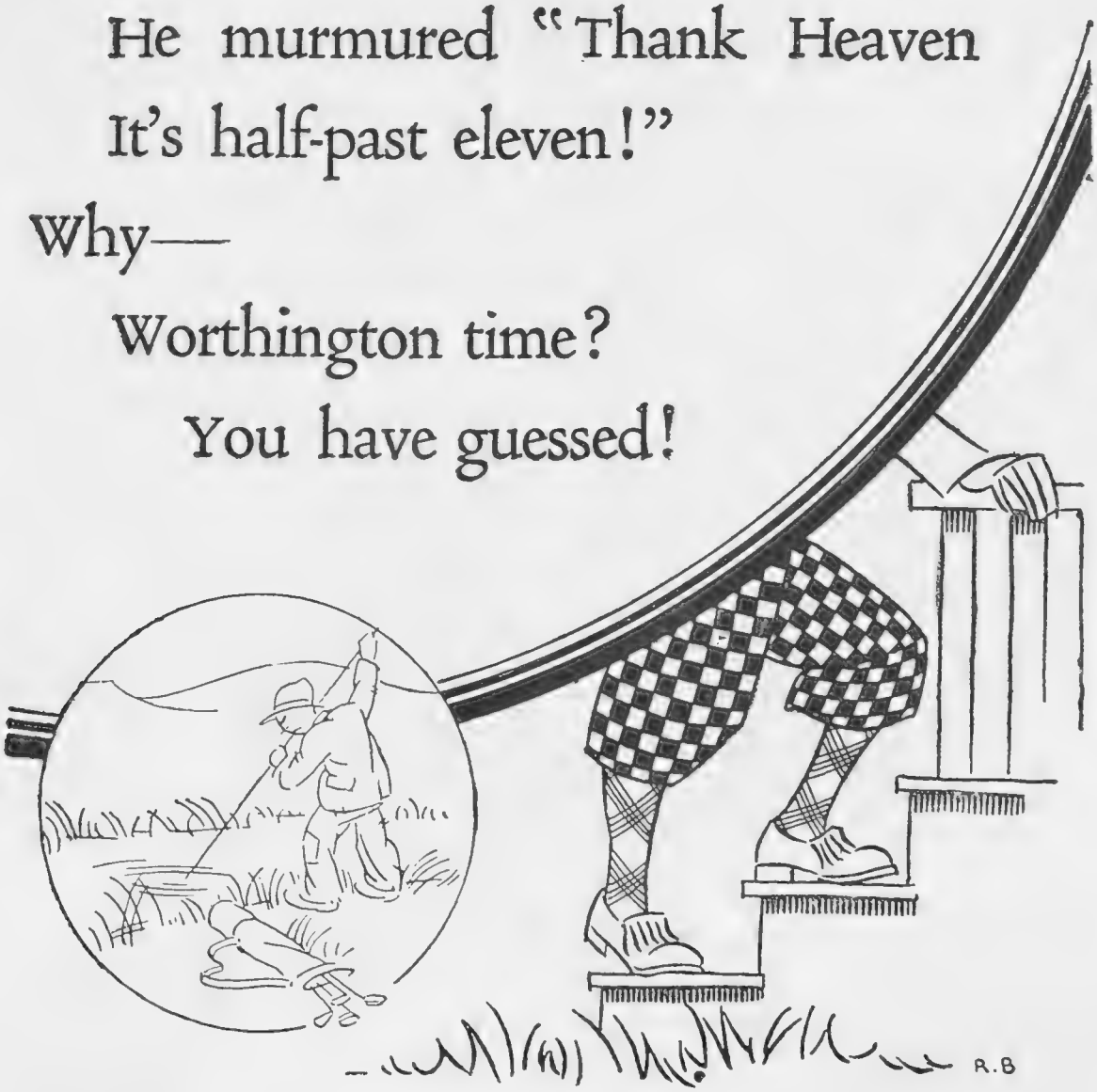
BECAUSE the old world doesn't really change so very much, does it, whatever the Pacifists try and make out, and even if there *is*, actually, at least one Hun playing in our Amateur Golf Championship this week. Though not so strange that, really, seeing that Mr. Maxse's been telling us that golf actually came from Germany first of all to start with, and used to be called *Kolf*—but then that's the sort of thing he *would* discover, wouldn't he, seeing as how he hates them both about equally, golf and Huns, I mean.

(Continued on page 678)

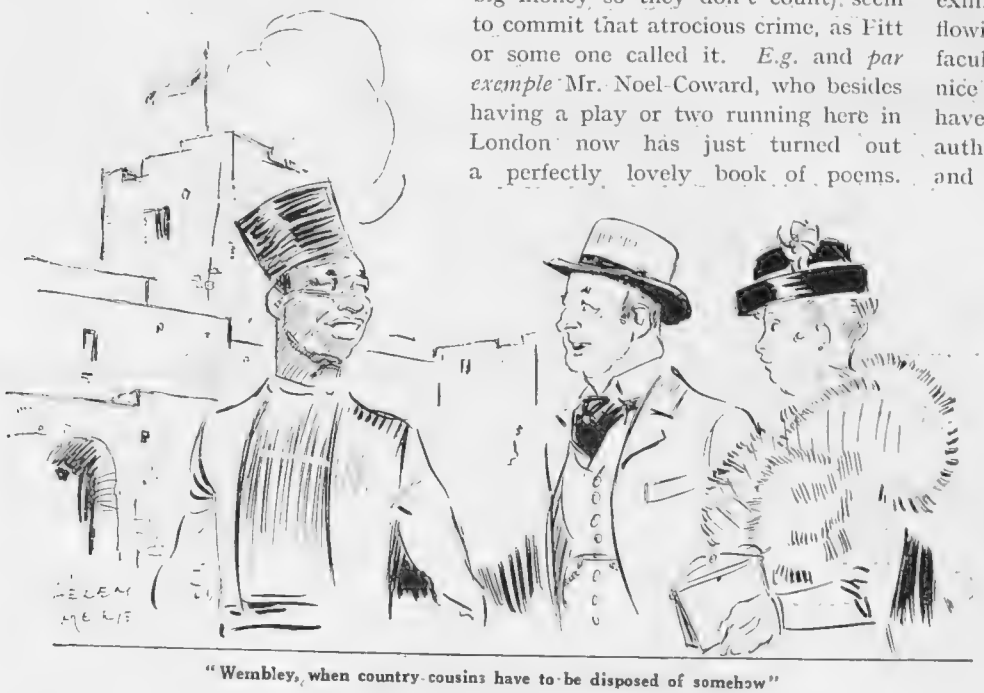
Worthington Limericks

No. 5. Illustrating the value of a philosophic temperament, and the immense service rendered by WORTHINGTON at the darkest moments of our lives.

A golfer of Haverfordwest
Had lost every ball he possessed;
He murmured "Thank Heaven
It's half-past eleven!"
Why—
Worthington time?
You have guessed!



OLD Oxford world hasn't changed much, either, it seemed to me, when I went down there this week-end for those delightful Eights and the festivities attaching thereto. Or rather,



"Wembley, when country cousins have to be disposed of somehow"

gone back to its old form perhaps I *should* say, because the just-post-war period really *was* rather horrid—a bit too terribly mixed, I mean, the crowd you met up there, owing to serious prevalence of the offspring of profiteers, etcet. But now things would appear to have settled down once more . . . and oh, the nice simple joys of punting (or being punted) along the Cher, or lunching in cool, old panelled college rooms or even, at a pinch, watching a fleeting moment or so of the well-known Eight-oared Bumping Races that are the excuse which covers a multitude of things.

卐

AND, do you know, dear cousin, rather refreshing after a week or two of hectic Season, with all its feminine scramblings and backbitings, to find oneself transported even just for a moment to a serene, all-man atmosphere, a sort of fascinating monastery where the monks are not in the least monastic (far from it) but still young and old-worldly enough to anyway pretend enthusiasm. About you, for one thing—instead of that dreadfully run-after, let-me-see-can-I-possibly-spare-you-an-hour-for-lunch air of some of the so-called men about Town, who take such base advantage (among the weaker vessels) of our great superiority in numbers.

卐

ALSO about Ideas—whereas such a lot of their only slightly elders who've already plunged into the Social Whirl seem to feel it their bounden duty to converse strictly and exclusively about People and Things. After all, it's rather good to be young, isn't it? All our best dramatists (not to mention poets, but, of course, they don't earn big money so they don't count), seem to commit that atrocious crime, as Fitt or some one called it. *E.g.* and *par exemple* Mr. Noel-Coward, who besides having a play or two running here in London now has just turned out a perfectly lovely book of poems. Edited I suppose I should say. The verses therein purporting to be the work of one Hernia Whittlebot—only those who happen to have seen Mr. Coward's revue *London Calling* may possibly trace some connection with the *vers* (very) *libre* of yet another genius of the moment, Edith Sitwell by name.

"Modern dramatists seem to be young"

BUT according to M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, nonsense poetry is really one of our national specialities, and happens quite frequently because it's "the excess of exhilaration and exuberance overflowing from our ebullient poetical faculty." Which sounds fearfully nice and flattering, does it not? We have also, according to the same authority, an aversion from the direct and logical. . . Our national genius makes our play a serious affair, our work a kind of play. . . .

卐

RATHER nicely put, what? And has been rather brought home to one, as they say, by one or two of the so-called "plays" I've seen lately. Including, for one, a revival of dear old Mr. Fletcher's (he died just 300 years ago) sweet little drama, entitled *The Maid's Tragedy*, that they revived the other night at the Scala. A really very serious affair, this, with people being stabbed and stabbing themselves all over the place in the last act. And oh, what a lesson to anyone who says the drama of to-day's decadent and all that kind of thing! Even the worst and cheapest of modern plays, that get taken off after a two nights' run, being infinitely superior and fuller of ideas. Really rather consoling in a sort of way to know how far our honoured ancestors fell behind, what?

卐

AND nobody'd ever thought then, had they, of anything quite so wonderful as Wembley? Which is a wearing spot (God wot) in some ways, but also rather wonderful, and to be thanked Heaven for, especially when country cousins come up to visit us and have to be disposed of somehow. Not to mention the positive invasion of Sadies and Mamies and other entrancing things who've just arrived in flocks by the Levi Nathan or Great Passover, as someone's rudely named one of the leading Transatlantic liners.

卐

THERE'S opera, too, for them to go to every night, also a nice new U.S. play called *Sun Up*, full of rich local North Carolina colour, as well as a merely English comedy full of Lancashire flavour, entitled *The Right Age to Marry*, at the Strand. And we're facing, all the rest of us, the prospect of the world's fullest and busiest season yet, full of zip, pep, beans and *bonhomie*. Well, here's chins up, anyway

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

MORNING WISDOM

Copyright J. C. ENO Ltd.

Photo by Yvonde

Not necessarily and not even probably an idle life! Indeed we can tell from the watery shadow on the wall that the morning is still young. And with the 'dash' of ENO—rousing, sparkling, corrective and clean beyond words—the day is beginning, not only early but well. For ENO's "Fruit Salt" is part of morning wisdom, and you might see this little scene enacted day by day between seven and eight in the lives of many men who are notable for the amount of work they do and the weight of responsibility they bear.

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An International Affair at Troon

ENGLAND—THE VICTORS

(Left to right) standing: Miss D. Chambers, Mrs. Dobell, Miss G. R. Bastin; sitting: Miss D. R. Fowler, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. Cautley; in front: Mrs. Alan Macbeth and Miss Joy Winn

SCOTLAND—THE RUNNERS-UP

(Left to right) standing: Mrs. T. W. L. Brown, Miss M. Wood, Miss A. Kyle, Mrs. D. C. Steele; sitting: Mrs. W. Nicholson, Miss Montgomery, Miss Eva Anderson; in front: Miss K. Cochrane and Miss Doris Park

Photographs

THE WELSH TEAM

(Left to right) standing: Miss B. Pyman, Miss K. Hughes, Mrs. Smalley, Miss C. Selkirk; sitting: Mrs. C. H. Hurst, Miss M. R. Cox, Miss S. F. Dampney; in front: Miss Cunninghame and Mrs. Brown

Central Press and Sport & General

THE IRISH TEAM

(Left to right) standing: Miss H. Hirsch, Miss N. Coote, Mrs. L. Smith, Mrs. King, Miss P. Jameson; sitting: Mrs. J. F. Jameson, Miss Janet Jackson, Mrs. D. G. Madill, Mrs. Lionel Jackson; in front: Mrs. Cutheli and Miss Thornhill

Before the Amateur Ladies' Championship opened the annual competition for the Ladies' International Shield was won comfortably by England for the tenth time in succession. In the Championship itself Miss Joyce Wethered provided a thrill by beating the American "hope," Miss Collett, in the third round. Miss Joyce Wethered beat Miss Cecil Leitch in the final on the thirty-seventh hole

Ranelagh Goes to the Dogs: The Earl Haig Fund

Alfieri

GIVING EVIDENCE ON HIS OWN BEHALF

A bloodhound "sleuth" and his owner before the judge (the Marquis of Ailesbury) at the Ranelagh one-day Dog Show in aid of the Earl Haig Fund

L.N.A.

A LOOK AT "ROYALTY"

Mrs. Philip Hunloke (wife of the King's Groom-in-Waiting) criticising the Royal dogs of China—without, of course, daring to make her criticisms audible

IRISH—AN' PROUD OF IT, TOO! *L.N.A.*

Miss Joan Southey, with two Irish wolfhounds, "Crewkerne Georgie" and "Margot of Clonard," at Ranelagh

SPORTSMEN FROM SIBERIA *Sport and General*

The Misses Ivy and Christine Kilburn-Scott, taking their mother's fine Samoyeds (including two prize-winners, "Siberian Keene" and "Antarctic Zara") into the ring

Dog Show, Including a "Fast" Crowd from the North

THE "FAST SET" AT RANELAGH *Central Press*

A notable and unusual feature at the Ranelagh Dog Show were whippet races, organised and arranged by the "Sporting Chronicle," a paper that has already done much for whippet and race-horse breeding

Alfieri

POPULAR PEOPLE

A corner of the ring during the Alsatian award. Lady Edith Windham showing her dog

Photopress

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

The Chairman of the Committee, who refereed in the whippet championships

Central Press

AMONG THE SPECTATORS

Lady Blanche Douglas (the Duke of Beaufort's sister) with Captain Shaw watching the judging

Central Press

"A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS"

Mr. Devlin's "Glenburn," winner of the "Sporting Chronicle" Lonsdale Championship Cup, for whippets under 20 lbs.

Central News

THE KING'S LABRADOR

"Wolferton Smoker," one of the Labrador retrievers from the Royal kennels, won a first and a second prize

A BOLT INDICATED

By Wilson Fenning

"Dash that new boarder, she's always breakin' into song"
"H'm! If she'd only find the key there'd be no need to break in!"

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Man Overbored

WIDTH

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

MAN'S dress is changed by a very slow process of reaction. Sobriety slowly drifts towards colour, as simplicity gives way to ornate superfluity.

The youth of the nation has been the pioneer of colour and luxuriance throughout the ages. So to-day we find Oxford and Cambridge the heralders of the new reaction. For generations we have clothed ourselves like the commoner forms of beetles, like the domestic or field mouse, or, at most, like the self-conscious and uninspiring newt. The depressingly long duration of drabness may be due to the fact that the modern woman is more acutely material than ever before. She knows that with the introduction of colours men's fashions will assume a renewed vigour, and, with her husband's increased expenditure on dress, she senses the danger of a curtailment of her own dress allowance.

Already, in spite of woman's clutching fingers, colour is leaping and bounding into men's dress. The House of Pope & Bradley has always been responsible for any change of man's fashion. The World Devastation of 1914 crushed the development of subtler and brighter shades of materials; now this House is again leading the reaction against drabness.

Already the University cities are splashed with rose, puce, lavender, apple, and royal blue flannel trousers, capacious in their width; and woman, maybe, has recognised the necessity for sharpening her wit for her declamation against them.

Many of the wide trousers that are seen are very poorly cut. They sag at the seat like the pouch of a kangaroo. They should only be cut by such experts as are to be found in this House.

The reaction has not reached such a state as to influence the prices of this House. Nor is it likely to for some considerable period. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. od.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od.; Dress Suits from £16 16s. od.; Overcoats from £7 7s. od.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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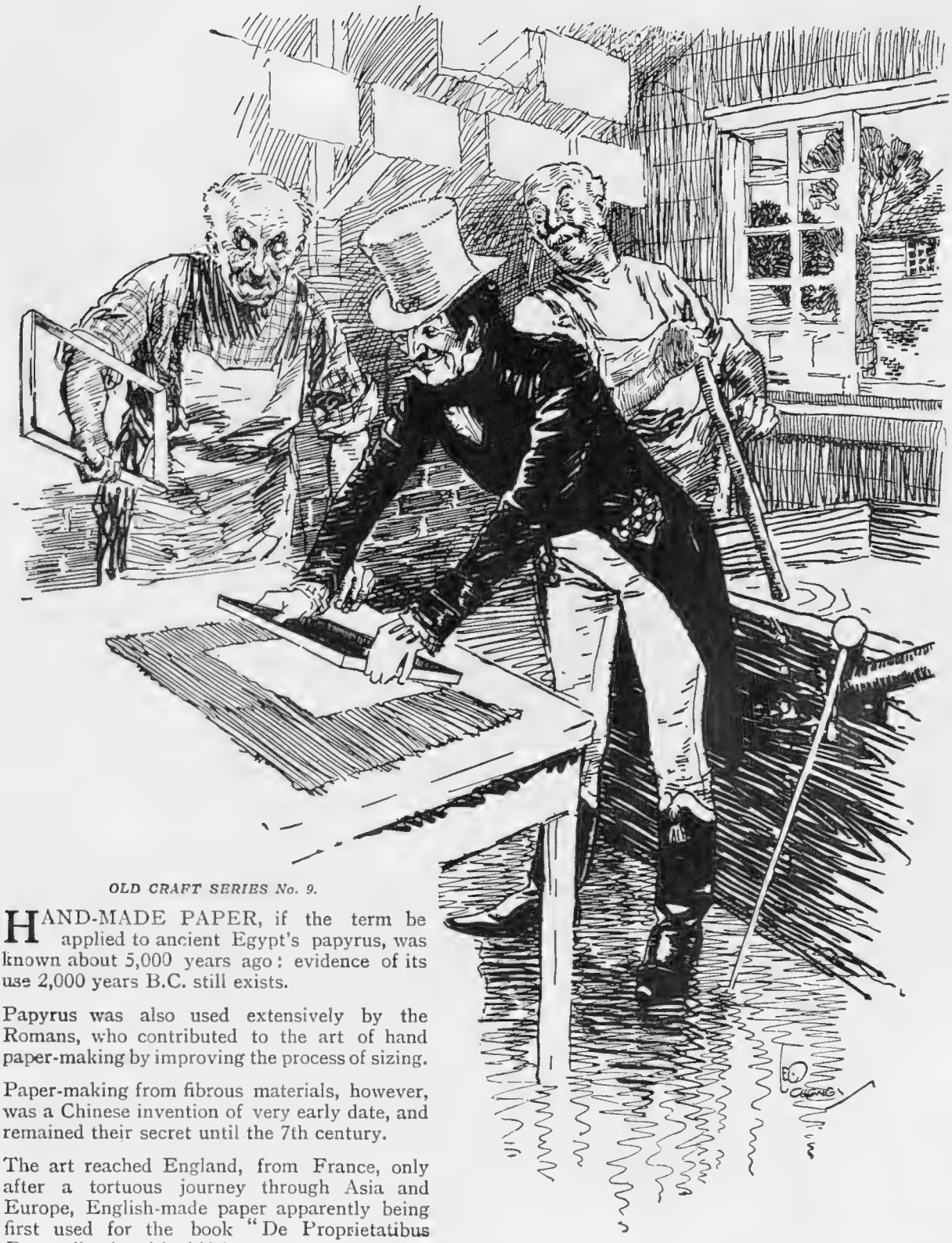
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 9.

HAND-MADE PAPER, if the term be applied to ancient Egypt's papyrus, was known about 5,000 years ago: evidence of its use 2,000 years B.C. still exists.

Papyrus was also used extensively by the Romans, who contributed to the art of hand paper-making by improving the process of sizing.

Paper-making from fibrous materials, however, was a Chinese invention of very early date, and remained their secret until the 7th century.

The art reached England, from France, only after a tortuous journey through Asia and Europe, English-made paper apparently being first used for the book "De Proprietatibus Rerum" printed in 1495.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF COURAGE

Courage is a great dispenser of gifts. For valorous thoughts and brave actions have given mankind the boon of freedom, and all the blessings of progress. Courage is as naturally a part of true worthiness as unimpeachable purity is of

DEWAR'S

Femina

DANGEROUS POSTERS

By
MRS. M. VINCE

A LITTLE time ago I had an article in THE BYSTANDER on posters. I suggested that those who had little to spend on pictures, might lay out their shillings on some of the posters of the Tubes and railway companies. I suggested in particular that they were just the thing for the decoration of the schoolroom or the nursery. And now I have just discovered that a paper called *The Placard* is very much displeased with this suggestion. It has published a short article condemning it.

ITS article begins, "Mrs. M. Vince, writing in THE BYSTANDER, provides another of many instances of confusion between the 'poster' in *The Placard* sense of the word, and the small display bills which are seldom or never shown upon hoardings proper." It is evidently a dreadful confusion to have made, but unfortunately I still do not know what it is. *The Placard* does not condescend to explain. I suppose that its readers, learned in these mysteries, know at once, without being told, what "confusion" I have made. I can feel them all either shaking their heads over me, or laughing at me—and I do not know why.

I WISH that *The Placard* had come down to my level and explained. Then I could have told you frankly what the "confusion" was. We might even have discussed whether or not *The Placard* is justified in having, in this regal way, a special '*Placard* sense" for an ordinary English word.

THE article goes on: "'Waxing enthusiastic', she adds, 'you can hardly overpraise the English countryside.'" I am afraid that *The Placard* is not only displeased with me, but even with the English countryside. I am afraid that it thinks that the English countryside can be over-praised, and that I am rather foolish to be so enthusiastic about it. Evidently it is a paper not at all easy to please. However, I must not stop to defend England against it, but go on to its next criticism.

"WHEN Mrs. Vince," it says, "goes on to suggest that the 'posters' should be used for the decoration of schoolrooms and nurseries, surely neither advertisers nor educationists will agree." And here it does explain. It explains with perhaps even greater frankness than it realises.

Mabel Rebey

À LA RUSSE

Miss Eileen Peel, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, "goes Russian"—but only temporarily!

"PEARLIES"—NEW STYLE

Miss Regina West, one of the merry band appearing in the New Princes' Frivolities.

Foulsham and Banfield

MISS KATHLEEN QUEST

Who helps to keep things going at the Piccadilly Revels, in complete revelling costume—as now worn

"AN educational picture," it says, "is altogether different from a commercial bill intended to make the beholder buy a railway ticket. The designs used for the Underground posters do not and cannot tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. They are necessarily selective; encouraging people to travel in the way that the company wishes them to travel. This may be first-class salesmanship, but it is, by no means, first-class education. The real people who want to look at a real poster are the men and women in the street."

IT is sad to have these suspicions implanted in one. Next time I see one of the Underground posters of blue-bells, I shall feel acutely conscious that it is trying to force me to spend sixpence on going to Kew, sixpence which I might otherwise spend on something else, possibly a copy of *The Placard* (if that is its price); and I shall wonder and wonder what truth these apparently innocent flowers are hiding from me. What can it possibly be? The only thing that I can think of is that while on the poster they are in full bloom, at Kew they are over.

Mabel Robey

"EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE"—

Mr. André Charlot's idea of one, demonstrated by Miss Marjorie Cogle in the "Cigarette Land" number of "Charlot's Revue"

THIS passage, which I have quoted from *The Placard*, is a confession about advertising, none the less interesting because we already knew it to be true. It draws, as you see, a very sharp, and even bitter, distinction between education and advertising. But what *The Placard* misses is that in any reasonably honest state, advertisement and education should be the same. If you genuinely believe in anything, whether it is a new religion, or a new cure for toothache, you want to advertise it—that is, to tell others about it; and for exactly the same reason for which an educationalist tells children about Alfred the Great, or the multiplication-table—that they will be the better for knowing it.

I REALLY think that *The Placard* feels that a picture of an historic old building or an old garden, or blue-bells or daffodils, if it has been used as an advertisement, may bring into the schoolroom some influence of untruthfulness.

"Real people" are another matter. From these *The Placard* is willing that "first-class salesmanship" should withhold some of the truth. But spare the children! M. V.

Gas, "The Spirit of Coal"

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE same, yet with a world of difference, is the impression carried away by those who have visited the Wembley Exhibition of 1925. All the chief features have consolidated their positions, and in many instances provided and extended the interests. Especially marked is this in the centre of the Palace of Industry, where the British Empire Gas has an exhibit, one that is of personal interest to every housewife, together with every business and professional man. Here the space devoted to the rest lounge has been appreciably increased, and there is also a separate, quiet, airy room, with seating accommodation for 150 people for the daily cookery demonstrations. These are rendered all the more interesting by the arrangements made to give information as to the food products of the Empire.

The detailed exhibits, comprising the most efficient, economical, and artistic gas fittings and labour-saving appliances, while losing nothing of their practical character, have been arranged this year primarily to demonstrate the service gas is rendering to the homes, businesses, and workshops in all parts of the Empire. Thus gas is seen providing central heating and a labour-saving kitchen in Canada, the heating of a nursery and hot water in Australia. A typical Dutch kitchen reveals the advantage of the smokeless fuel or gas over coal. In fact, the whole exhibit demonstrates how gas is as live and growing an industry in the youngest and most progressive outposts of the Empire as it is in the Mother Country of its origin. That there are over 200 offshoots in the way of gas companies overseas affords some idea of the expansion.

By no means the least attractive feature is a replica of an up-country store, such as is to be found in many colonies, where the by-products of gas play an important part. Indeed, nothing has been overlooked to illustrate how, from the cradle to the crematorium, gas, "The spirit of coal," is providing man's necessities, utilities, and luxuries.

A CABARET DÉBUTANTE

Mlle. Yvonne Regis, who makes her first appearance in cabaret in the new "Chez Oddenino" show, with some pleasant French songs. Mlle. Regis is well-known on the Paris stage, where she has appeared principally at the Palace. She has also had experience of London stage work, as she appeared in "The Nine O'Clock Revue" some time ago

E. O. Hoppé

MISS JOSEPHINE HEAD

Who keeps vigorously "On with the Dance," in Mr. C. B. Cochran's fast and furious revue at the London Pavilion

Style FLEUR DE LYS

Style NOBLESSE

Style MELBA

Style MARQUISE

Style DU BARRI

Style ROYALE

Style LA TOSCA

Style POMPADOUR

Style PRINCESSE

Many Modes of Wearing Ciro Pearls

THE possessors of real pearls wear them in a variety of ways, not restricting their display to the simple necklet of a single row of pearls, popular though that style will always be. To-day the best dressed women are realising that there can be much variation in the ways of wearing Ciro Pearls—the only gems possessing all the characteristics of the real—and on this page we show some examples of styles now in vogue. Full particulars and prices of each style can be obtained from any of the establishments of Ciro Pearls Ltd. 178 Regent Street, W.; 48 Old Bond St. W.; 120 Cheapside, E.C.; 14 St. Ann's Sq. Manchester; 25 Church St. Liverpool; 121 New St. Birmingham; 97 Buchanan St. Glasgow, and at Jenners, Edinburgh.

THE LITERARY LOG

Rolled by RALPH STRAUS

In some ways Mr. John Hargrave's new novel, *Young Winkle* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is the maddest book I have ever read; in others it is one of the sanest. And I am hard put to it to know just what to say beyond insisting on your sampling, at any rate, its intriguing and rather violent pages. If I say that it is the story of a boy's education along unusual lines, you immediately jump to the conclusion that Mr. Hargrave has invented yet another new sort of public school, where they teach you—what?—how to type-write and how to become a millionaire. As a matter of fact, Winkle's schooling is of the vaguest kind, and not even an establishment for the sons and daughters of gentlemen can keep him for long.

Again, if I say that the book is a tract on the education of to-day (which it is), you are immediately, though quite unnecessarily, on guard. And if I say—what is also t r u e—that a mysterious Secret Society gets hold of young Winkle and carefully prepares him for initiation—a Society, moreover, which is to make the men of all nations real brothers, the thing sounds like a shocker, and you wonder whether I am not making a mistake, and reviewing two books at the same time.

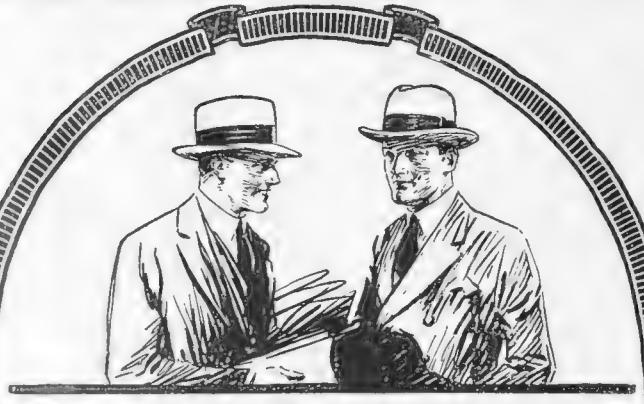
What I feel about the novel is this. It is written at white heat, it is engrossingly interesting throughout, it gives you a definite picture, and it leaves you wanting to discuss it with the next six people you meet. Mr. Hargrave is such a good hater of humbug and convention, such an enthusiast for what he believes to be the only rational form of education, *i.e.*, teaching boys in the manner which will most appeal to their contrary but adventurous spirits, and so explosive a person altogether, that you read on, and are prepared to accept everything, however remarkable, that happens to this guttersnipe of his who wants to play the Great Game.

FROM THIBET TO BOURNVILLE

An interesting group, taken at Messrs. Cadbury's works at Bournville, of Captain Noel, F.R.G.S., and the party of Lamas, who came to England to appear with his film of the Mount Everest expedition

The great Secret Society, or, rather, the oddities who belong to it, are entirely unbelievable folk. And yet you enjoy hearing about them. In the same way Winkle himself is a charmingly natural lad, but at times his brain becomes suspiciously adult. Yet even if you do not approve of the Society's principal tenet, or of the methods whereby that tenet is to be made known, even if you occasionally become seriously annoyed with Mr. Hargrave for his neologistic exuberance and verbal explosions, you forgive him. For he has given you something that is new and vivid and outspoken, but never ugly. All of

(*Continued on page 692*)



SOME men have the happy knack of always appearing well-dressed. Fortunately, this desirable quality can be cultivated. Take hats, for instance — the choice is wide, the range of style bewildering in variety. But if you insist on a Battersby you are certain of both style and quality.

There's a Battersby just right for you.

Battersby HATS FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters

Address of nearest Agent on application.

In standard qualities, 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT

Ask your Doctor about Hunyadi

For more than fifty years doctors have been prescribing Hunyadi János. Its certain and gentle action makes it far superior to any medicine which the chemist can devise. It relieves constipation, and restores a healthy tone to the whole system.

Hunyadi is not a secret remedy. It comes to you direct from the springs in its **natural** state—nothing added, nothing taken away.

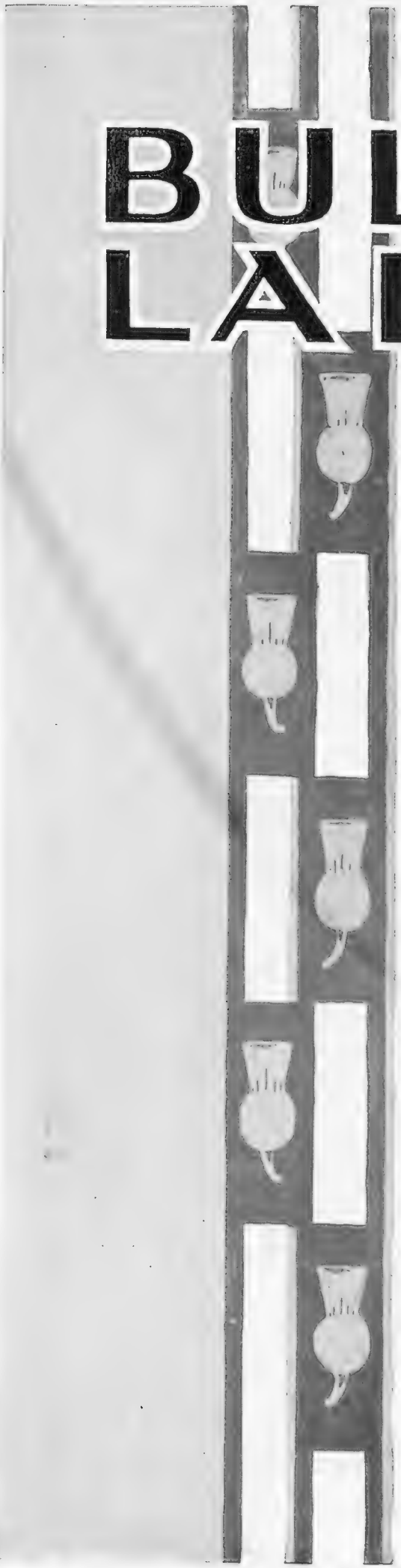
Take a wine-glass of Hunyadi in the morning.

Hunyadi János

The famous Natural Aperient Water.

2/6 per large bottle, containing many doses.
Of all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to Ingram & Royle, Ltd., 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1



BULLOCH LADE

GOLD LABEL

SCOTCH WHISKY

It possesses to-day the same pedigree quality which gained it that old-time exclusive reputation

Singularly delicate in flavour and bouquet

BULLOCH LADE & COMPANY LIMITED
GLASGOW & LONDON

which means to say that although *Young Winkle* may not be a book for everybody, it is certainly a brave, venturesome thing, which has given one reader, at any rate, a great deal of pleasure.

⁂

It has been said of some of Mr. Somerset Maugham's plays that they would leave a nastier taste in the mouth had a lesser master of situation been their author. And in all probability a number of people will say of his new novel, *The Painted Veil* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), that it resembles those plays in more ways than one. It is highly dramatic, it bears the stamp of truth, and it leaves, at any rate, a faint acrid taste in the mouth.

⁂

Told in a masterly way, though spoilt, in my opinion, by its closing scene, it is the tragic story of a young and pretty woman, married to a Government bacteriologist stationed in the Far East. She is discovered by him with a lover, and given the option of accompanying her husband to a cholera-infested area or of being divorced. Her lover refuses to run away with her—he is married himself—and she goes to the place of horrors. It may be that the husband is not unwilling that she should die there; but it is he, who, on his death-bed, is called on to quote that pregnant last line of Goldsmith's Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog. And then—what? I must not detail the plot, but there is one further terrible scene which most other writers would, perhaps, have omitted, though Mr. Maugham is right to include it. It is only on his last page that his pen falters, for I cannot believe that any woman could make such an oration to her father as is put into the mouth of the unfortunate Kitty. That, however, may be a small point: the story is certainly poignant enough.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"

A happy member of the "Daily Graphic" Birthday Club, with one of the 25,000 birthday presents to be given away to members of its huge family of young readers

⁂

How many books Mr. Belloc may have written I do not know, but the number must be large. Novels, verse, satires, histories, political-religious treatises and nonsensical trifles of the most amiable kind flow from his pen. In *The Cruise of the "Nona"* (Constable: 15*s.* net) he has given us a book which need not be classified with any particularity. It is an agreeable medley of personal reminiscences, thoughts about life and letters and faith, and of a real cruise in a real boat—the sort of untidy boat which does not require a large crew or spick and span decks or three-course meals in the evening—round a goodly portion of the British coast. It is the work of a man who puts life above letters, of a man who set out to write a book that should please himself. Rules—yes, they are good things for other people, no doubt, but not always agreeable to yourself. Then—away with them. Unless, perchance, you are caught in a squall while rounding an unfamiliar cape. Mr. Belloc's cruise was exciting enough, but I hazard a guess that the landsman will prefer him when he allows his pen to wander away from the sea—most of all, perhaps, when it wanders in the direction of the House of Commons, a place, as I daresay you know, which did not altogether commend itself to the author when the right of entry was his. It is, however, a uniformly gracious book.

R. S.

GENEVA

SEAT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. INTERNATIONAL CENTRE.

"I am more thankful every year of added life that I was born in London, near enough to Geneva for me to reach it easily."—John Ruskin.

Enjoys a salubrious and temperate climate, standing on the shores of the beautiful Lake of Geneva. Splendid view of Mont Blanc and Alps. Central starting point for excursions to Chamonix, Aix-les-Bains, etc. Theatres, Concerts. Centre of numerous establishments for Education, Boarding Schools. University. Foreign families not carrying on any trade or profession in Geneva are exonerated from all taxation for the first two years of their stay, and after, very moderate conditions.

GOLF LINKS **GOLF LINKS**

For all information, apply OFFICIAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Place des Bergues 3, Geneva.

Great Battle of Flowers, 27th and 28th June.

High Grade

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA

cigarettes

at a moderate price-

At the price of ten for sixpence, Westminster Corktipped Virginia Cigarettes are undoubtedly the best value it is possible to get. Only a careful blend of the highest grade Virginia tobacco is used in their manufacture. Get a packet to-day — you'll recommend them and hand them, with pride, to your friends.

Twenty for a shilling

ALSO IN 10s 50s AND 100s

ASK

YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR

Westminster

CORK TIPPED

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

W.R. 4.

Abdulla's Continental Phrase Book

ARRIVAL AT AN HOTEL:

Good morning. We require immediately a double bedroom, a fire, two baths and two breakfasts. We drop with fatigue. We have travelled the night long.

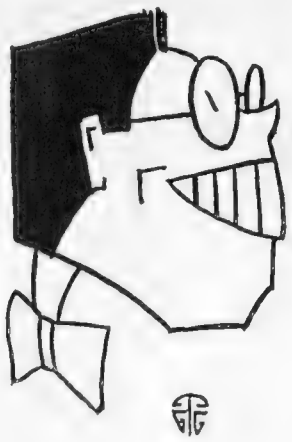
This so dirty little room under the roof, it smiles not at us. The bell is broken. Where is the key? The sheets are of a blackness!

Pray conduct us to a good room on the first floor. You are full up? Nonsense! Fie! You have of a surety fine accommodation for the smokers of ABDULLA Cigarettes. We are best class voyagers.

TURKISH
EGYPTIAN
VIRGINIAN

Ah! it is as we thought. You had forgotten this excellent suite. We take her; she lacks but an ash tray. Run to fetch one on the instant. We desire to refresh ourselves with the fragrance most delicious of ABDULLA Cigarettes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES



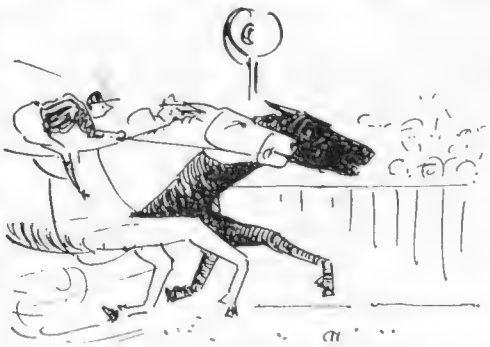
YOGO HAMA'S HINTS ON DERBY DAY

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

As you are no doubtfully aware, before these words go cold from my pen Derby Day shall have arrived upon us. Derby Day, I do not need to scarcely inform, are a very classical race combat for which equine speedster shall succeed to win the so famous Derby Cup by arriving 1-st to a post. Hon. Bystanders and suchly good sportsters do not necessitate I should depict them informations concerning re this the greatest of all Anglo sportings, but only goodish tippings straight from the stable's mouth. A small but extremely authentic feathered sparrow has whispered up my sleeve a very guaranteed and fire-proof cert which everybody who has the good lucks to possess a shirt, masc or femn, should put on it at very lucrative odds to 1 bar 1. This so remunerative gee whose name are called——

"Jockies are diminished persons"

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to depict a few informations re saidly Derby combats. Constrain to remember that Hon. BYSTANDER achieves to acquire 100's of new readers per monthly, who very perhapsly are sophisticateless



"The greatest of all Anglo sportings"

home and colonial persons who do not know a Derby from a plus 4," you admonstrate, Hon. Sir?

I cannot devote entirely myself to wet-nursemaiding these so numerous non-sophisticates who flock to improve their intelligents from my exclusive commentings, I repop. Howeverly, I will depict sufficient of good hintings to make clear as a nose on a pikestaff how these speed gees gallop to win steaks and other equine perks. Persons who read these words, even only if sucklings, shall find themselves adequate to put their odds or shirts to 1 on a Derby gee, but must not imblame me if they discover to eventually find themselves non-shirted.

"Racing equines are very highly birthed gees"

Derby and other racing equines are very highly birthed gees who can velocitate themselves at 40 or 50 knots in per hour, so that almost 1 cannot see them but only dust. Saidly gees develop enormous h.p. and are fed on mostly beans so that when they are full of them and suchly internal-combustion vegetables, they fly like the wind in a gale.

Jockies are diminished persons who have suffered to be specially prepared for steering these so high-speed gees. They are carefully shrunk at birth and kept squashed very small so they shall not grow to become larger than a few lbs. Because they must only weigh as light as a feather, they necessitate to enormously non-eat. This causes them to save stupendous £'s per annum by eating almost entirely air which are a very healthy and fatless dietic and costs next to not any money at all per the cubic gallon.

Tipping gents (persons who purvey certs for a win or a place both ways), are militaries who have achieved to become Captains or Majors, but do not any longer strive to shoot enemy persons with swords, only produce them certs which are very much more bloodless and lucrative revenging. They seek to acquire exclusive tippings from horses' mouths, which causes us to sometimes suppose saidly gees are very truthless quadrapetals, or else Hon. Captains and Majors have not succeeded to adequately digest the equine language.

Booking gents are benevolent sportsters who live to only make other persons happy and rich, and suchly theological deeds which no doubtfully causes them to become angels or other feathered songsters when defunct. Hon. punsters (mediocre backing persons) who put a shirt on a gee sometimes succeed to recover same numerous times multiplied from Hon. Booking gents who dote to perform this so happy deed. But also sometimes saidly punsters do not recover back even the shirt because of their so successless guessings. This causes to groan very anguishly and to rend with tears the Hon. Booking gents who would much more greatly love to produce them good winnings on their shirts.

Sporting tyroes and other racing *ignorami* should on not any account trust their odds to 1 to Welshers who are very illegitimate Booking gents with not any hearts of gold but only feet of great velocity and h.p. These so piousless and carnal persons seek to only denude the tyroe from his puntings which they sometimes achieve to successfully do. Sometimes, howeverly, the boot turns out to be a horse of a different tune, and the Welsher discovers to find himself in a pond or other liquid rendezvous.

"Acquire exclusive tippings from horses' mouths"

Persons wishing to procure prognostics, lucky stars and other suitable omens on the course, may purchase same from the Gyps. Myself I greatly

"Booking gents are benevolent sportsters"

"Feet of great velocity and h.p."

dote to hear the Gyps foretell my past and prognose how I shall suffer to be absconded by a very beautiful and wealthy femn who are secretly dying in love with me. This are very happy thought to think, and if saidly Hon. and luscious fair shall communicate herself to me C/o Hon. Editor of BYSTANDER, I can be eloped by the return of post.

And now I shall produce you my patent cert which I have secure at enormous expenses from——

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, that this are Hon. BYSTANDER, not a vulgarish tippings periodical. Should it not be a 1,000 times more better to privately send me your cert by a telegraphic wire or other quick despatching, so I can ascertain to see if it are suitable for publications?" you reproof, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, this finds you out to be a very downish bird, but you cannot succeed to pinch my tail with salt or suchly fatal condiments. Now you shall not have any Derby certs, which shall cause 1,000's of Hon. Bystanders to foam with wrath at the mouth because you have lost them a very A.1 tipping. O yes, I wager to bet you shall be singing some very small potatoes, so that I would not exchange boots with you for nuts. Now I shall sing you an illustrated afflatus as vizly:

O I have a very dead and exclusive cert,
Which 1,000's would die to put on their shirt.

"I greatly dote to hear Gyps"

"Achieve to become very merry and gay"

But I shall back it myself for Derby Day,
And achieve to become very merry and gay.

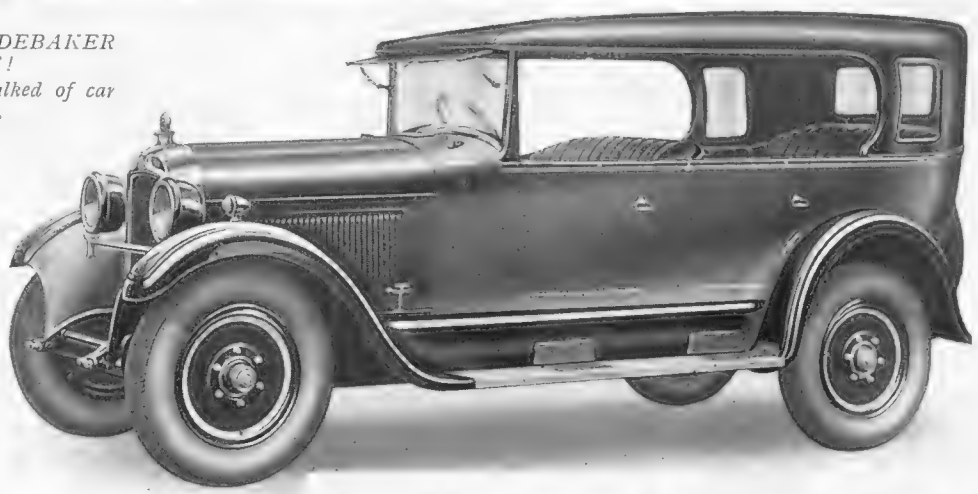
"Mr. Y. Hama, constrain to kindly forgive my so great presumptions and politelessness. It should not surprise me to acquire a bag on the spot for thusly denuding Hon. readers from this so stupendous cert which you have in your sleeve at perhapsly 80 or other lucrative odds to 1. I have numerous family and other *incubi* to support——"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you shall continue to suffer exclusive good healths,

I remain,

Yugo Hama

SEE THE STUDEBAKER FIRST!
It is the most talked of car to-day.



An Open and Closed Car Combined

The Studebaker Touring Saloon is a new type of coachwork—entirely different from anything you have seen before.

One moment it's a delightful airy open car—next a comfortable weather-proof enclosed car. And the change can be made in thirty seconds, without even leaving your seat.

Yet the new Studebaker Touring Saloon sells for no more than the old-type open car. *Thirty seconds from open car freedom to closed car protection.*

Within the upper structure are concealed the roller side-curtains. They may be raised or lowered just like a window blind—so simple that even a child can operate them.

In addition to this exclusive feature you have the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes that cannot cause a skid however suddenly they are applied, balloon tyres, a vibrationless 6-cylinder engine and an unexcelled equipment.

See this car. Ride on it. Drive it. Prove its remarkable road performance.

Illustrated Catalogue on request

STUDEBAKER LTD.,
Pound Lane, Willesden, London, N.W.10
Managing Director: EUSTACE H. WATSON.
London Showrooms:
117-123, Great Portland Street, W.1

"STANDARD-SIX" Touring Saloon	£395
Coach-built Saloon	£520
"SPECIAL-SIX" Touring Saloon	£495
Coach-built Saloon	£640
"BIG-SIX" Touring Saloon	£575
Coach-built Saloon	£765

Prices are subject to increase without notice.

The New

STUDEBAKER

WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

Rosenbaum Rubber Corsets

The safe and harmless way to reduce the figure

IF it were possible for a masseuse to spend 12 hours every day continuously and gently massaging your body without making the skin red or irritated, you would obtain a similar effect to that given by the wonderful ROSENBAUM RUBBER CORSET.

These Corsets are not only most hygienic, but also most comfortable to wear, fitting snugly to the form without harmful pressure, and being of the purest, most resilient rubber, freely expanding to every movement of the body, whilst giving that straight-line contour which is now so fashionable. A daily sponge makes them always clean and fresh.

Apart from their great reducing faculties, ROSENBAUM CORSETS are ideal for all Sports allowing perfect freedom of action, whilst providing the required support.

2 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

"ROSENBAUM" Rubber Reducing Corset or Bust Bodice, or both, as illustrated above, will be sent for 2 days' FREE TRIAL on receipt of covering remittance (returned in full if you are not absolutely satisfied).

Reducing Corset, **50/-**

Reducing Bust Bodice **25 6**

(Both laced at back for adjustment as reduction takes place.)

Also Anklets (for beautifying the ankles), Head Straps (for wrinkles), Chin Straps (for double chins), etc.

3 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

Each garment is guaranteed for 3 months against all defects in manufacture or wear, and will either be effectively repaired or replaced with an entirely new garment Free of Charge should there be any cause for complaint during the period stipulated.

Visit our Showrooms, if you are in London.

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A group taken at the At Home given by Lady Waring in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign Ball. The Duke and Duchess of York attended the Ball which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel last Wednesday. Included in the group are Viscount Cave, Sir Thomas Horder and Sir Arthur Stanley (who all spoke in aid of the Campaign). Viscountess Cave (Chairman of the Ball Committee), Lady Waring and Lord Waring.

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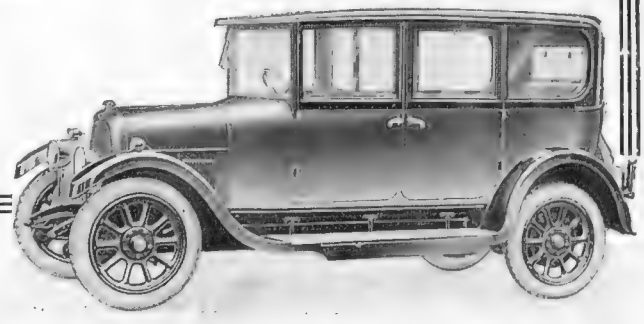

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Nothing can make or mar beauty more than the hair, it makes all the difference. Poor hair spoils the appearance of many of our prettiest girls and conversely, beautiful hair adds that deciding touch of loveliness which makes beauty assured.

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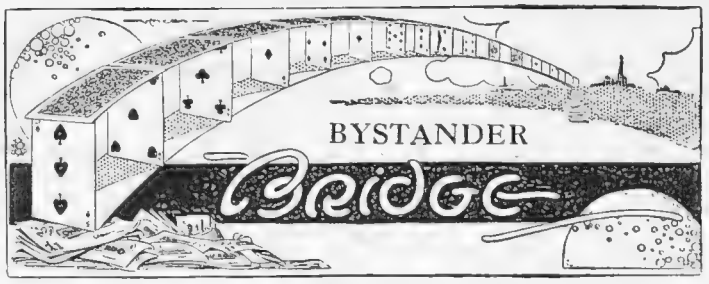

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BRIDGE WRITERS

A DOCTOR was rung up one evening at dinner-time to come and make a fourth at Bridge with three fellow practitioners.

"I am sorry I am called out, my dear," he explained to his wife, "but I have no option in the matter. Pretty bad case, too," he added, "there are three doctors there already!"

. . . . .

From an American newspaper:

A RARE BRIDGE HAND

"American mathematicians who got busy at the University of Chicago recently, after a member of the Quadrangle Club of the University had been dealt thirteen Diamonds in a Bridge game, announced he had one chance in exactly 635,000,000,000 of getting another hand like it.

Such a hand was dealt about two years ago in New York. In order to have a reasonable probability that another hand like it would occur in the next two years, every man, woman and child in the United States must play Bridge two hours twice a week until November, 1926."

. . . . . .

An anonymous correspondent, who writes from a famous London Club, asks me if I always follow in practice the admirable precepts I recommend in print. Well, I am under no obligation to reply to anonymous writers, nor to answer leading and personal questions. I suspect my leg is being pulled, but I don't mind entering into the spirit of the thing, and admitting that I don't. Writers on Bridge are, I suppose, fair game when they are at the card-table, and I rather enjoy the ironic comments that sometimes follow any little lapse on my part in bidding or in play. "I suppose you will put that into your next book?" says one. Or, "That bid is quite contrary to what you say on page 1000 of your 'Do's and Don'ts.'" Or "Mind you put that in next week's BYSTANDER."

Such is the penalty of fame!

. . . . . .

Seriously speaking, all that the Bridge writer can do is to put you on the straight and narrow path that leads you to success. The counsels one gives are counsels of perfection. Human nature comes in, and one sometimes sins against the light wantonly and deliberately. Moreover, to almost every rule there is an exception. The state of the score, the psychology of the players also may make a difference. At one Club I understand that I have the reputation of being rather a backward bidder. At another I am considered to be forward. This is not, as you might be inclined to think, on account of the points. As a matter of fact it is at the Club where the lowest points are played that I am considered least enterprising. The fact is that most of the players overcall so flagrantly that by contrast I appear to under-call. At the other, where points are rather high, most of the players are rather backward and require gingering up. If I find a partner who does not support me when he might and should, I am apt to overcall my hands a bit. On the other hand there are some players whom it is fatal to support. Give them one lift and they go on bidding "till the cows come home." You have to apply different methods with different men, and it is this human element which makes the game so fascinating. The great thing is always to be able to laugh at oneself when one has made a mistake or done the wrong thing. I hate too solemn rubbers when the players behave as if the game was a matter of life and death.

. . . . . .

A Hampshire reader asks my opinion on the following hand:—Score: Game all. A, B 24 in rubber game. B deals, and bids "One Heart." Z holds:

S—10, 9, 8, 6, 2. H—A, 7. D—A, 2. C—A, Q, J, 5.

What should Z say?

Well, at the score I certainly think Z should make a bid, and I favour "One No-Trumps." In actual play Z went "One Spade." A passed, and Y called "Two Diamonds." B passed, and Z then went "Two Spades." A "No bid," and Y "Three Diamonds," and all passed.

Y held: S—K, 3. H—5, 4, 2. D—K, Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 5. C—2.

He failed to go game, losing one Heart and two Spades. I think Z was in fault. His first Spade bid was a doubtful one, but just permissible considering his three Aces outside. All the same I consider a bid of "One No-Trumps" would have been better. But to take out the "Two Diamonds" bid into "Two Spades" must be wrong. If Z had called "No-Trumps," all would have been well, unless Y had insisted on playing the hand in Diamonds.

. . . . . .

With regard to my remarks about good and bad card-holders in last week's BYSTANDER, I have been reading an article in an American magazine which states that: (1) The poor holder is in reality nothing but a poor loser, always forgetting winnings and bemoaning losses. (2) The poor holder may be an excellent player, but obsessed by the idea that he is playing in phenomenally bad luck, may allow opponents (who frequently know and take advantage of his weakness) to run away with contracts they have no licence to obtain. A rash bidder quickly betrays himself, but a timid one may actually enhance his reputation for cleverness by his reticence. (3) The poor holder may have an exaggerated idea of his own ability, and a certain amount of selfishness about playing the hands instead of sitting idle as dummy, with the result that his partner is not properly supported, and the contract frequently goes to the wrong hand. (4) The poor holder may lack imagination—usually does in fact. As a consequence his play is somewhat wooden at times; he never knows when to break a rule, often overlooks those hidden chances for extra tricks which mean contracts, 'games' and slams; and so loses more than he should when he is losing, and wins less than he should when he is winning.

AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG

By JACK GORDGE

SHE: "Ow, Bill, look! Plus fours all the way down!"
HE: "No, they ain't! They're bell-bottoms all the way up!"

"BP" Persian Series, No. 6

[*From an original drawing by* CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

Ferry Boats of the Tigris

In their "gufas"—round boats of wicker, plastered with pitch—those skilful watermen, the Arabs of the Tigris and Euphrates, pilot loads of the most extraordinary variety and often of very great weight. From ancient times these clumsy but staunch boats have been used, and they still form one of the picturesque features of river navigation in Iraq and Persia.

No greater contrast could well be imagined than that between these quaint survivals of Babylonian times and the modern tankers of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which ride in the lower reaches of the same waters at Abadan. And yet, in a sense, they are closely related, for petroleum has brought both into existence. It is the pitch, skimmed from the surface of the oil-springs, which makes the "gufa" watertight, and it is oil from the sources far beneath the earth's surface which forms the cargo of the tankers.

From Abadan the tanker-fleet—more than sixty British-built ships, mostly of ten thousand tons or over—carries the oil to Llandarcy, in South Wales, where it is refined into "BP" Motor Spirit. Thus does the British motorist become the last link in a chain which stretches back to the days when the golden towers of Babylon cast their shadows over half a world. And it is British enterprise and British industry which have thus bridged the great gulf of the centuries.

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"SMILE, PLEASE!"

Jack McHugh and other members of the cast "smiling nicely for the gentleman" in "Dirty Hands," a comedy by the "Ideal" Film Company

MAKING 'EM PAY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A CORRESPONDENT in the South of France points out that the great success of the Show at Ranelagh this month (in aid of Earl Haig's Fund), with its entries ahead by hundreds of the highest previous record for any one-day Show, was a notable tribute to the public-spirited generosity of doggy folk, no less than to the enormously increased popularity of Dogs and Dog-keeping. "We ought to recognise also the good feeling of doggy business firms, such as Spiller's Victoria Dog Foods, Ltd., who contributed no less than 25 guineas cash, and five splendid ten-guinea cups—the right spirit, this," he adds.

Several correspondents seek further details regarding last week's advice as to enabling the Dogs of the home to pay for themselves by including among them a brood bitch, and advertising and selling her puppies, or most of them. This is by no means the formidable sort of undertaking that many Dog-lovers who have never tried it seem to suppose. Admitted that care and knowledge are called for in choosing the right type of mother, it is a far easier matter than the acquisition of a likely stud-Dog or Show prize-winner; and one in which breeders, exhibitors, and the officials of the different specialist clubs (all breeds have their own clubs now) are very generally ready to advise and help. Even in these costly days, five guineas or so will often pay for a weaned pup possessed of the necessary qualities, chief among which are pedigree and good build, constitution and nature, rather than show points. In a brood bitch, a high *average* of quality in her forbears is far more important than her own points.

Canine mothers are, on average, so good and devoted as greatly to simplify the breeder's task; and, as a hobby and on a small scale, as distinguished from regular business undertakings, the whole thing is tremendously interesting. The rather vital matter of the choice of variety must be influenced by the nature and situation of the home, as well as by personal preferences and economic considerations; and in cities, even ground-floor flats with gardens are not suitable for essentially sporting breeds, albeit practicable enough for lots of the little fellows. Again, it doesn't follow that the breed most numerously represented at the moment in Show entries and registrations is necessarily the best choice. Consider, rather, the present and recent *progress* made by a given variety. Some, still showing lower totals than others, have multiplied themselves five and sixfold in the past few years. Enquire of the kindly Secretary of the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) and get issues of the *Kennel Gazette*, giving comparative statistics.

Money saved by insisting on a low stud fee in mating is apt to represent only a small proportion of the money lost in subsequent disposal of offspring; but if your mother-to-be is of the right sort you can often save cash outlay by giving in lieu the choice of a pup. But get the really best and most suitable mate, on expert advice; read up whelping in a good Dog book; give all care, kindness and liberality to the dam, but *do not fuss her when the time comes*. Despite her limitations, she really does know a lot, and in 99 per cent. of cases, her heart and will are adorably good, her selfless devotion beyond praise.

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CAMERA NOTES

MODERN CAMERA TYPES

IN A BLACK FOREST VALLEY

IT is not so many years since the amateur photographer thought himself admirably equipped if he possessed a "rapid rectilinear" lens of aperture *f*/8; even a couple of years ago the possession of a *f*/4.5 lens, permitting the taking of photographs with exposures of only about one-third, seemed the height of one's ambition.

But times have changed. To-day the *f*/4.5 lens has become almost a commonplace in amateur practice, and is even now being referred to as "out-of-date."

WITHIN the last three years lens-makers at home and abroad have produced in rapid succession a series of hand-camera lenses of ever-increasing speed, and, with camera designers exerting their ingenuity to keep pace with the advances in lens production, this period has been marked by an extraordinary development in hand-camera design. To-day, for instance, there are at least three patterns of miniature super-speed cameras fitted with *f*/2 lenses—lenses which reduce exposures to about a sixteenth only of those required with the old rectilinear type!

This advent of the ultra-fast lens, combined with the very marked success which has been met with in increasing the speed of plates and films, has widened enormously the scope of the hand-camera, and it is now literally possible to make snapshots indoors, in theatres, or in the London streets on winter evenings.

NOT unnaturally these models, being costly to produce, and also in the nature of luxuries, command a very long price. Though it must be conceded that there is a big lure in the power of making snapshot exposures under almost any conditions, the ordinary mortal, who cannot permit himself such indulgences in pursuit of what is, perhaps, only one of several hobbies, may derive some cheer from the reflection that these ultra-rapid models are not an unmixed advantage.

AS is always the case, the greater the capacity of a camera the greater demands it makes upon the skill and care of the user, and the more the risks of failure. This fact is responsible for the common experience that the snapshot-maker who, after using a very simple camera, takes to the use of an expensive model—without, be it said, troubling to master its adjustments—may obtain a far smaller degree of success. A further factor that may not at once be apparent is that, save for the smallest patterns, it is comparatively rarely that it is convenient to use a lens extremely wide open, owing to the usual desire to obtain objects at various distances from the camera in fairly sharp focus. Perhaps still more satisfying is the reflection that there is very little hand-camera work indeed that cannot be done with a lens of quite modest aperture, and a great deal that can be done admirably with even the cheapest of box-form cameras.

T. L. J. BENTLEY

The FILMO
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The camera is used much as you would sight a spyglass. You raise it to the eye, touch the button releasing the spring motor and the camera takes in motion pictures, whatever you see in the finder. It is so designed that anyone without photographic experience can take pictures that compare favorably with the pictures seen at the theater, and is so simple to use that a child can operate it successfully and obtain splendid results.

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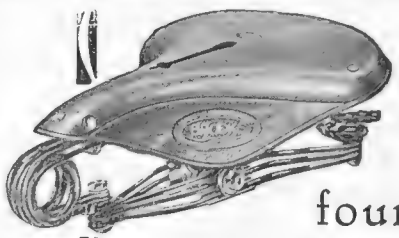

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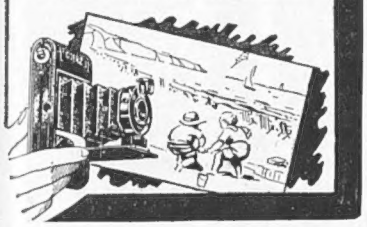

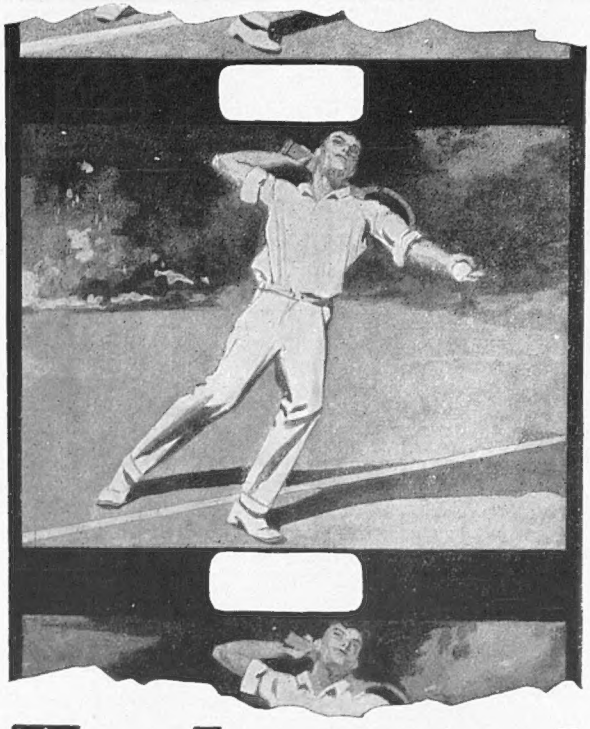

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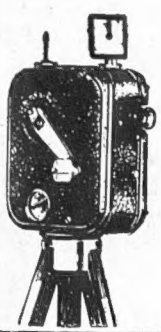

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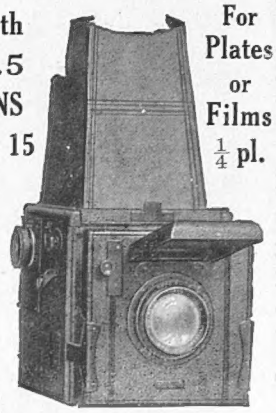

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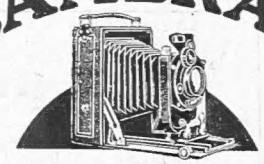

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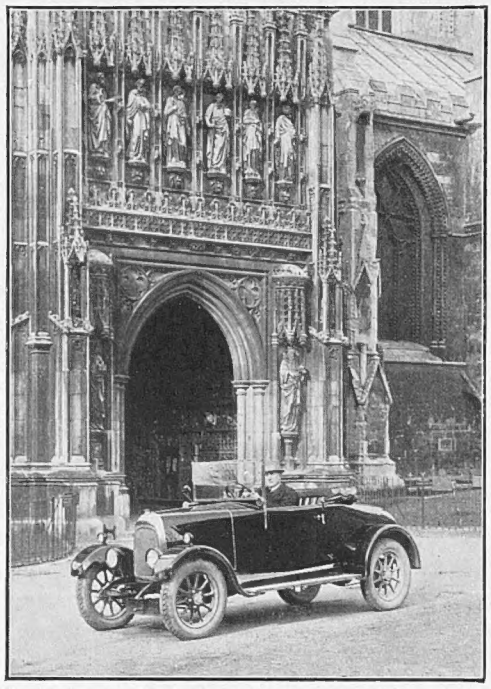
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



GLOUCESTER POINTS OF VIEW

A 12 h.p. Hampton two-seater car outside the beautiful entrance to Gloucester Cathedral

Now that the season is advancing I find that I am spending more and more of my time testing new cars. I am now averaging three new cars a week in addition to my tried and trusted 14 h.p. Bean. This chopping and changing from car to car is most instructive, and the thing I am particularly pleased about is that I have not yet struck a really bad car. All the 1925 models which have passed through my hands have each had at least one distinctive feature. In most cases, of course, they have several, but it is generally possible to find at least one point in the car's running which stands out.

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I HAVE, however, recently carried out a trial of a car in which it is practically impossible to fix on any one feature which predominates. The car is the "New Phantom" Rolls-Royce, and every feature of its running is so superlatively good that it is impossible to pick on any special one. As regards power, the engine must develop well over the hundred, yet I am informed that its petrol consumption is even better than that of the "Silver Ghost," which has been manufactured for so many years. The acceleration of the new Rolls-Royce has to be experienced to be believed. The ignition looks after itself, and all the driver has to do as regards engine control is to operate the accelerator. Heavy depression of this pedal produces instantaneous and rapid acceleration, a striking feature being that the engine never makes its presence felt. This is true whatever the speed at which the car is travelling.

THE Rolls-Royce braking-system is one of the finest I have ever tried. A simple form of relay motor is incorporated with the gear-box, which increases the pressure applied by the driver's foot to the brake pedal, and operates large brakes on all four wheels. Only slight pressure is required to secure the maximum braking effect, yet the way in which this large car can be brought to rest from a speed of well over 80 m.p.h. is really astounding. The new Rolls-Royce is a car over which I feel compelled to rhapsodize. The makers have adopted their famous painstaking method to make every part of the car as good as it can possibly be made, and have also successfully co-ordinated the functioning of every part so that the running of the car is as near perfection as it is possible to attain. The chassis rides very easily with an entire absence of roll or sway whatever the speed or the surface. On the particular car I tried was mounted an excellent Barker body which, with its comfort and absence of rattle, served to enhance, if that were possible, the running of the "New Phantom" Rolls-Royce.

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ANOTHER most interesting car which I have recently put through its paces is the 12-28 h.p. De Dion Bouton two-four-seater all-enclosed coupé. The body on

(Continued on page 708)

ENGLAND TO INDIA

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The greatest motor drive in the history of mankind is that which Major Forbes-Leith recently achieved in an ordinary Wolseley car. This is the journey from England to India—8,500 miles. 1,500 miles through desert, for 3,000 miles no road or track at all.
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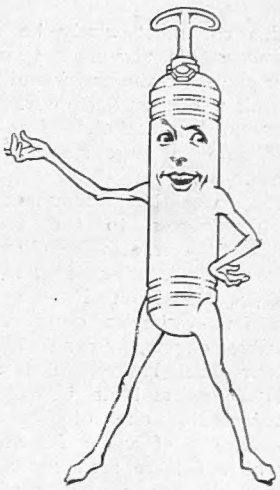
Woodwright

"They left me behind - and Fire left them stranded"



IF only they'd taken me with them! I'd have saved all those cars by putting out the fire before the damage was done. Then they could have driven on as though nothing had happened. What a contrast! Take me on *your* car, everywhere. I'll be always ready to put out a petrol blaze, to safeguard your tour, and prevent fire from leaving you stranded. Don't you risk riding another mile without me.

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These illustrations are a few from the numerous photographs of burnt out cars in the possession of the Pyrene Company, Ltd.

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this car must surely be unique. Two comfortable arm-chair type of seats are provided for the driver and his companion, while two extra disappearing seats are also provided under the hood for extra passengers. There is a large space behind the two front seats in which luggage, etc., can be accommodated, while access to the roomy "boot" can also be obtained from the interior of the car. This De Dion Bouton has a four-cylinder overhead-valved engine, four speeds and four-wheel brakes. The price is £695, and at this figure represents one of the best examples of value for money which I have seen for a car suitable for the professional man who has to be out in all weathers. The body is very soundly constructed and affords every protection, with an entire absence of back draught. The car performed as one expects a De Dion Bouton to perform, namely, reliably and economically. In addition the engine possesses all the vim and speed which can be required. The car is an exceptionally good hill climber, and at the same time is particularly easy to control in traffic.

* * *

THE Straight Eight Kissel car has now been introduced to the British market. I had a run on one of these the other day, and I was particularly impressed by the wonderful pulling powers of the engine at low speeds, and also at the very rapid acceleration which could be obtained. An example of the pulling powers of the engine at low speeds was afforded by a test which I carried out up Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. At the foot of the hill the hand throttle was set so that the speedometer showed 10 m.p.h. The car was then left to its own devices, the only control which I operated being the steering wheel. The car steadily ascended the hill without the slightest extra throttle, and at the top accelerated instantly when the accelerator was depressed. Hill climbing at such a tiny speed shows the enormous pull of this eight-cylinder engine at low speed. The model which I tried was a five-passenger Victoria, the body being comparatively heavy. The price of this car with six wheels, four-wheel brakes and very full equipment is £875.

A COTTAGE LOAF

A little rest for man and machine outside a picturesque cottage at Harrington, in Worcestershire. The machine in question is a 14 h.p. Standard car

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IN spite of the fact that, at present, the Napier factory is busily engaged on the manufacture of aero engines, the Napier Company still retain a big car interest. Some misapprehension may have crept into the minds of Napier owners, and I am therefore asked to state that, as in the past, very efficient spares and service depots are being maintained. No matter how old the Napier car, the owner will always be able to obtain any replacement which may be required. To give some idea of the comprehensive manner with which this side is dealt, the Company can even supply spare parts for cars built twenty years ago, and for any model since that time. Present and prospective owners of a 40-50 h.p. Napier should therefore have no misapprehension about their cars.

G. C. S.

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